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STUDIES IN
READING
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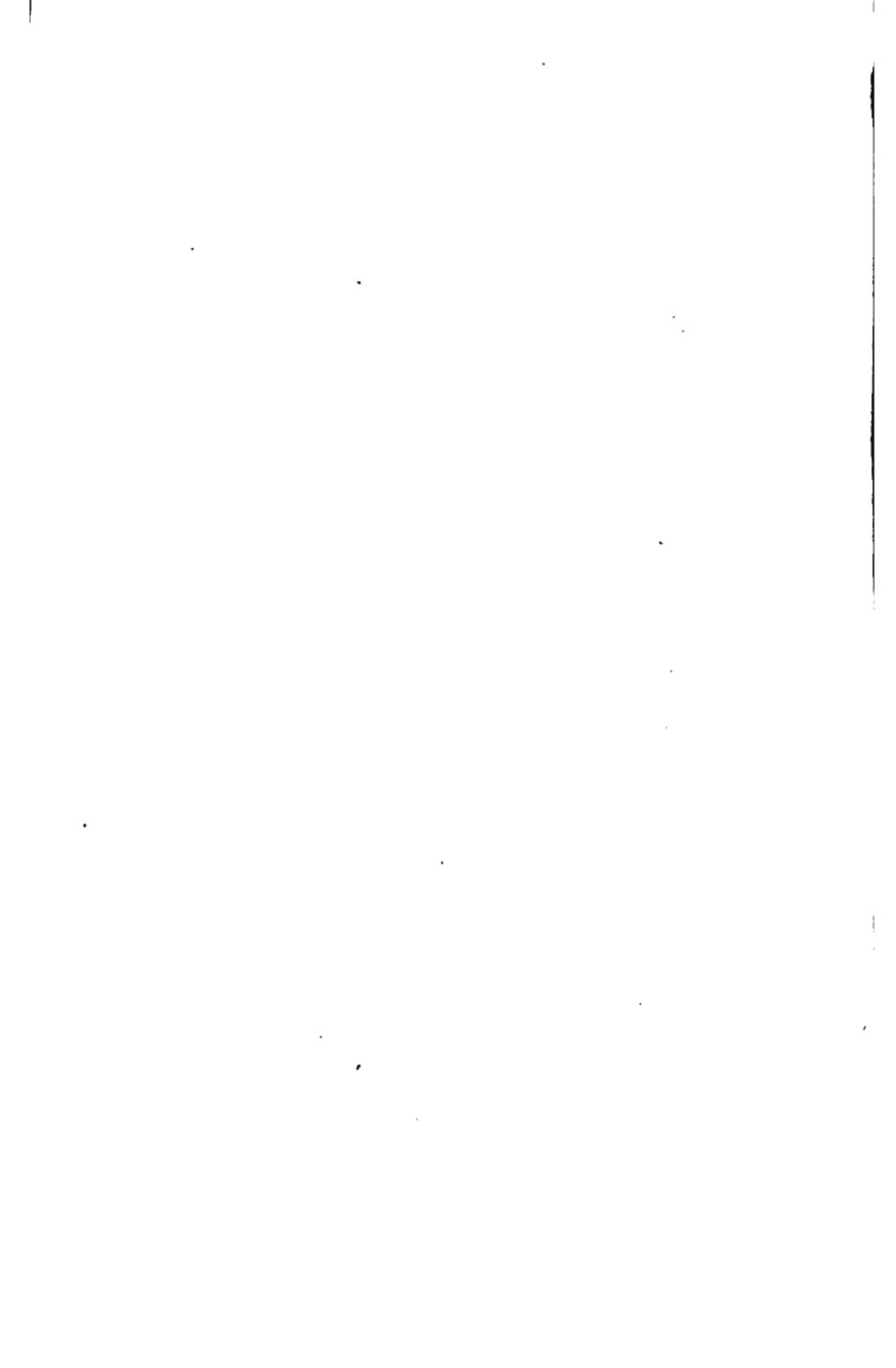
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STUDIES IN READING

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PREFACE

READING with appreciation is a fine art. This volume contains some of the gems of literature which the race has learned to love. Some of the best "old-fashioned" selections, and some of the most charming new short classics, are offered as a basis for study and appreciation.

The average pupil will study his reading lesson with zest if he is given some definite work to do. In these studies, the brief introduction to each selection is intended to whet the pupil's "appetite," thus awakening a proper incentive to study the selection. The "Exercises" following each study are arranged to make his study definite and to the point. Helpful "Notes" are added wherever necessary, and "Additional Readings" are given to afford the means of broadening and deepening the impressions gained in directed study. Each study presents a definite problem to the pupil, with sufficient helps and suggestions to enable him to work out a solution.

The pupil must be taught how to use the dictionary intelligently. Word-lists are given on each study. Other words and phrases should

be added as the needs of the class demand. All words not clear to pupils should be studied by means of the dictionary. The intelligent use of the dictionary enables the child to become independent in enlarging his own vocabulary. The best teachers of reading agree that it is better to teach pupils of this grade to use the dictionary intelligently than to permit them to rely on pronouncing vocabularies in their readers.

All methods, devices, and helpful exercises usually employed in teaching reading are brought to bear the best fruit when reinforced by well-directed study.

The authors desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to the teachers who have already tried and proven these studies. Especial thanks are due to President J. W. Crabtree of the Wisconsin State Normal School at River Falls, to Superintendent A. H. Waterhouse of the Public Schools of Fremont, Nebraska, and to Superintendent Alice Florer of York County, Nebraska, for practical suggestions and helpful criticisms, and to former State Superintendent W. K. Fowler of Nebraska for expert care, criticisms, and corrections in the preparation of this volume.

J. W. SEARSON.
G. E. MARTIN.

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STUDIES IN READING

A BRIGHT CHINESE BOY

FOR many hundreds of years a story has been handed down from father to son in China, telling how their great religious teacher and thinker, Confucius (Con-fu'-shi-us), met a mere child of a boy who could answer the most difficult questions, and who could ask the most puzzling ones. The following story has doubtless grown in the telling, just as stories do when we play "Gossip," but it makes us all pause to consider the bright boy and his unanswerable questions.

A BRIGHT CHINESE BOY

One day, some two thousand five hundred years ago, Confucius, the great teacher and philosopher of China, was riding with his friends in a carriage. He came near some children at play. Among them was one who did not join in the games.

Confucius, stopping his carriage, said, "Why is it that you alone do not play?"

The boy replied, "Play is without profit. One's clothes get torn, and they are not easily mended. In

play there is much work and no reward. It is for these reasons that I do not play." Then, dropping his head, the boy began making a play city out of bits of rock.

Confucius said, "Why do you not turn out for my carriage?"

The boy replied, "From olden times until now it has been thought best for a carriage to turn out for a city, and not for a city to turn out for a carriage."

Confucius said, "You are still young in years. How is it that you are so quick?"

The boy said, "A child at the age of two years speaks and walks; a hare, three days after it is born, runs over the fields; fish, three days after their birth, swim in the rivers; what comes by nature, how can it be called quick?"

Confucius said, "I wish to have you walk with me. What do you think of it?"

The boy answered, "A father is at home whom I am bound to serve; a loving mother is there, and her I am bound to care for; a younger brother is there whom I must teach. How have I time to go walking with you?"

Confucius said, "I have in my carriage thirty-two chess-men. What do you say to having a game with me?"

The boy replied, "If the king loves gaming, the kingdom will not be well taken care of; if scholars love it, learning will be lost; if farmers love it, they will miss the time for plowing and sowing; for these reasons I will not play with you."

Confucius said, "Can you tell, under the whole sky, what fire has no smoke, what water no fish, what is it that is too long, what is it that is too short?"

The boy replied, "A glowworm's fire has no smoke, well-water has no fish, a summer's day is too long, a winter's day is not long enough."

Then the boy, asking the sage, said, "How many stars are in the sky?"

Confucius said, "At this time ask something about the earth. We can know nothing sure about the sky."

The boy said, "Very well; will you, then, tell me how many houses are on the earth?"

The sage replied, "Come now, my boy, speak about something that is before our eyes. Why must you talk of the earth and the sky?"

"To please you," said the boy, "we will speak about what is before our eyes. How many hairs are in your eyebrows?"

Confucius smiled, but did not answer. Turning to his friends he said, "I will go home now. I need not go about teaching the people, for by and by this child can teach them." — *An Old Chinese Legend.*

NOTES

1. The name Confucius means the "Great Teacher, Kong," and he lived from the year 550 B. C. to the year 478 B. C. He was a famous sage and philosopher who spent the most of his life as a teacher and whose moral code is preserved in the "Nine Books" on Confucianism. He is worshiped as the greatest teacher and moralist of China.

2. What is "Gossip"? Tell how it is played.
3. Be prepared to give meanings of the following words: philosopher, profit, quick, hare, gaming, kingdom, sage.

EXERCISES

1. What is the meaning of the word Confucius? Who was Confucius?
2. Why did this boy attract the attention of Confucius?
3. Explain "Play is without profit."
4. Why did not the young boy turn aside for the carriage of the great teacher?
5. What is the child's answer to the next question?
6. What was the boy's reason for refusing to walk with Confucius?
7. What was the boy's place in the family, according to this answer?
8. Are the boy's reasons for not playing with the king sound?
9. What was the king's conundrum? The boy's answer?
10. What questions did the boy now ask Confucius?
11. Why does Confucius feel that he needs no longer to go about teaching people?
12. What real bits of intelligence does the child display?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

CRANCH: A Chinese Story.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

WHITTIER: The Barefoot Boy, In School Days.

SIMS: The Lights of London Town.

HANS ANDERSEN: Hans Clodhopper.

To have done whatever had to be done;
To have turned the face of your soul to the sun;
To have made life better and brighter for one:
This is to have lived.

— *Clifford Harrison.*

THE QUEST

SOMETIMES the good friends around us, our cozy homes, our kind parents, our brothers and sisters, and our playmates seem commonplace, dull, and uninteresting. We see them every day. We get so used to seeing them every day that we begin to imagine that the far-distant homes in other lands, the people and places far away, are much better than the familiar faces and places of our homes. The country boy thinks the city is more attractive than the country. Many a city boy thinks he can make a great fortune "out west." Each one thinks other places and other friends are greatest and best. At times when we are thus displeased or discontented, it helps us to read the experience of a boy who traveled far and wide and at last selected the most beautiful spot in all the world as a home for himself and mother. Such a story is told in the following poem:

THE QUEST¹

There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,

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Where the water danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.'

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.

And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

— *Eudora S. Bumstead.*

NOTES

1. Tell of any boys you know who have longed to get away from home.
2. *Quoth she.* Said she.
3. Words and expressions for pronunciation, definition, and study: quest, restless, dullest place, joyfully, content, costliest, wistful sigh, chosen, dwell, quoth, loveliest home.

EXERCISES

1. Why was home the dullest place in the world to this boy?
2. What request did he make of his mother?
3. How long did he think it would take him to find a lovelier place?
4. Just what was dull in his home surroundings? What attractions were there?
5. Where did he go?
6. Why was he "never content"?
7. Why did not the "costliest homes" make him more contented?
8. What was the "something missed from the sea or sky"?
9. Explain "wistful sigh."
10. Why did the mother smile?
11. Explain "Her heart grew glad and free."
12. What question does she now ask of her wandering boy?
13. Explain his reply.
14. Did not the mother know this would be the result of her son's quest?
15. Then why did she let him go?
16. How can one learn what the son learned without making the quest?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

PAYNE: Home, Sweet Home.

VANDYKE: My Work.

RILEY: A Simple Recipe.

CARDINAL NEWMAN: Loss and Gain.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

BUNYAN: Pilgrim's Progress.

SIMS: Lights of London Town.

BLANCHARD: The Mother's Hope.

STEVENSON: The House Beautiful.

RAND: The World.

HAWTHORNE: The Lily's Quest, The Threecold Destiny

TOOKER: His Quest.

TENNYSON: Sir Galahad.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN: Timothy's Quest.

GOD BLESS THE COMMONPLACE

God bless the commonplace! We strain and fret
Through wearisome and unproductive days,
Striving to carve new destinies, or blaze
A trail through unaccustomed lands. We let
The feverish years possess us, and forget,
In our tense seeking for untrodden ways,
The common heritage, nor care to raise
Altars to dear familiar things — and yet
When shadows lengthen and the busy hum
Of life falls faintly on half-hearing ears,
With vision dimmed and feeble step we come
Back to the homely joys of bygone years —
Love and a hearthstone and a dear worn face,
And through our tears we bless the commonplace.

BEAUTIFUL JOE

EVERY boy or girl has had some kind of pet. In fact, great writers have declared that pets are necessary for children. The child who loves a dog, a doll, a kitten, or a pony, is less selfish than he would be otherwise. Pets are just as necessary for men and women, and thrice happy are those whose pets are children.

The story of "Beautiful Joe" has become one of the most widely read and most keenly enjoyed of all children's stories. It is the story of a dog told by himself. In the extract given we learn how Beautiful Joe got his name, something of the cruel treatment he received, his rescue, and much about those who treated him cruelly, and much about those who treated him kindly.

BEAUTIFUL JOE ¹

My name is Beautiful Joe, and I am a brown dog of medium size. I am not called Beautiful Joe because I am a beauty. I know that I am not beautiful, and that I am not a thoroughbred. I am only a cur.

I am an old dog now, and am writing, or rather getting a friend to write, the story of my life.

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I love my dear mistress; I can say no more than that; I love her better than I love any one else in the world; and I think it will please her if I write the story of a dog's life.

She loves dumb animals, and it always grieves her to see them cruelly treated. I have heard her say that if all the boys and girls in the world were to rise up and say that there should be no more cruelty to animals, they could put a stop to it. Perhaps it will help a little if I tell a story. I am fond of boys and girls, and though I have seen many cruel men and women, I have seen few cruel children. I think the more stories there are written about dumb animals, the better it will be for us.

I was born in a stable on the outskirts of a small town. The first thing I remember was lying close to my mother and being very snug and warm. The next thing I remember was being always hungry.

I am very unwilling to say much about my early life. I have lived so long in a family where there is never a harsh word spoken, and where no one thinks of illtreating anybody or anything, that it seems almost wrong even to think or speak of such a matter as hurting a poor dumb beast.

The man that owned my mother was a milkman. He kept one horse and three cows, and he had a shaky old cart that he used to put his milk cans in. I don't think there can be a worse man in the world than that milkman. It makes me shudder now to think of him.

He used to beat and starve my mother. I have

seen him use his heavy whip to punish her. When I got older I asked her why she did not run away. She said she did not wish to; but I soon found out that the reason that she did not run away was because she loved her master. Cruel and savage as he was, she yet loved him, and I believe she would have laid down her life for him.

One reason for our master's cruelty was his idleness. After he went his rounds in the morning with his milk cans, he had nothing to do till late in the afternoon but take care of his stable and yard. If he had kept them clean, it would have taken up all his time; but he never did anything to make his home neat and pleasant.

My mother and I slept on a heap of straw in the corner of the stable, and when she heard his step in the morning she always roused me, so that we could run out as soon as he opened the stable door. He always aimed a kick at us as we passed, but my mother taught me how to dodge him.

After our master put the horse in the cart, and took in the cans, he set out on his rounds. My mother always went with him. I used to ask her why she followed such a man, and she would say that sometimes she got a bone from the different houses they stopped at. But that was not the whole reason. She liked the master so much, that in spite of his cruelty she wanted to be with him.

I had not her sweet and patient disposition, and I would not go with her. I watched her out of sight, and then ran up to the house to see if the

master's wife had any scraps for me. I nearly always got something, for she pitied me, and often gave me a kind word or look with the bits of food that she threw to me.

I had a number of brothers and sisters — six in all. One rainy day when we were eight weeks old the master, followed by two or three of his ragged, dirty children, came into the stable and looked at us. Then he began to swear because we were so ugly, and said if we had been good looking, he might have sold some of us. Mother watched him anxiously, fearing some danger to her puppies, and looked up at him pleadingly.

It only made him swear the more. He took one puppy after another, and right there, before his children and my poor distracted mother, put an end to their lives. It was very terrible. I lay weak and trembling, expecting every instant that my turn would come next. I don't know why he spared me. I was the only one left.

My mother never seemed the same after this. She was weak and miserable. And though she was only four years old, she seemed like an old dog. She could not run after the master, and she lay on our heap of straw, only turning over with her nose the scraps of food I brought her to eat. One day she licked me gently, wagged her tail, and died.

As I sat by her, feeling lonely and miserable, my master came into the stable. I could not bear to look at him. He had killed my mother. There she lay, a little gaunt, scarred creature, starved and

worried to death by him. She would never again look kindly at me or curl up to me at night to keep me warm. Oh, how I hated her murderer!

Still I kept quiet till he walked up to me and kicked at me. My heart was nearly broken and I could stand no more. I flew at him and gave him a savage bite on the ankle.

“Oho!” he said. “So you are going to be a fighter, are you? I’ll fix you for that.” He seized me by the back of the neck and carried me out to the yard where a log lay on the ground. “Tom,” he called to one of his children, “bring me the hatchet!”

He laid my head on the log and pressed one hand on my struggling body. There was a quick, dreadful pain, and he had cut off my ear close to my head. Then he cut off the other ear, and turning me swiftly round, cut off my tail.

Then he let me go, and stood looking at me as I rolled on the ground and yelped in agony. He was in such a passion that he did not think that people passing on the street might hear me.

There was a young man going by. He heard my screams and hurrying up the path stood among us before the master caught sight of him.

In the midst of my pain, I heard the young man say fiercely, “What have you been doing to that dog?”

“I’ve been cutting his ears, for fighting, my young gentleman,” said my master. “There is no law to prevent that, is there?”

“And there is no law to prevent me from taking

a dog away from such a cruel owner, either," cried the young man; and giving the master an angry look, he snatched me up in his arms, and walked down the path and out of the gate.

I was moaning with pain, but still I looked up occasionally to see which way we were going. We took the road to the town and stopped in front of a pleasant-looking home. Carrying me gently in his arms, the young man went up a walk leading to the back of the house.

There was a small stable there. He went into it and put me down on the floor. Some boys were playing about the stable, and I heard them say, in horrified tones, "Oh, Cousin Harry, what is the matter with that dog?"

"Hush," he said. "Don't say anything. You, Jack, go down to the kitchen and ask Mary for a basin of warm water and a sponge, and don't let your mother or Laura hear you."

A few minutes later the young man had bathed my ears and tail, and had rubbed something on them that was cool and pleasant, and had bandaged them firmly with strips of cotton. I felt much better and was able to look about me.

Presently one of the boys cried out, "Here is Laura." A young girl, holding up one hand to shade her eyes from the sun, was coming up the walk that led from the house to the stable. I thought then that I never had seen such a beautiful girl, and I think so still. She was tall and slender, and had lovely brown eyes and brown hair, and a sweet

smile, and just to look at her was enough to make one love her.

“Why, what a funny dog!” she said, and stopped short and looked at me. Up to this time, I had not thought what a queer-looking sight I must be. Now I twisted round my head, saw the white bandage on my tail, and knowing I was not a fit spectacle for a pretty young lady like that, I slunk into a corner.

“Poor doggie, have I hurt your feelings?” she said. “What is the matter with your head, good dog?”

“Dear Laura,” said the young man, coming up, “he got hurt, and I have been bandaging him.”

“Who hurt him?”

“I would rather not tell you.”

“But I wish to know.” Her voice was as gentle as ever, but she spoke so decidedly that the young man was obliged to tell her everything. All the time he was speaking she kept touching me gently with her fingers. When he had finished his account of rescuing me from the master, she said quietly, “You will have the man punished?”

“What is the use? That won’t stop him from being cruel. I don’t think it would do any good,” said the young man.

“Cousin Harry!” and the young girl stood up very straight and tall, her brown eyes flashing, and one hand pointing at me, “that animal has been wronged, it looks to you to right it. The coward who has maimed it for life should be punished. A child

has a voice to tell its wrong — a poor, dumb creature must suffer in silence; in bitter, bitter silence. And you are doing the man himself an injustice. If he is bad enough to illtreat his dog, he will illtreat his wife and children. If he is checked and punished now for his cruelty, he may reform. And even if his wicked heart is not changed, he will be obliged to treat them with outward kindness through fear of punishment. I want you to report that man immediately. I will go with you if you like."

"Very well," he said, and together they went off to the house.

The boys came and bent over me, as I lay on the floor in the corner. I wasn't much used to boys, and I didn't know how they would treat me. It seemed very strange to have them pat me, and call me "good dog." No one had ever said that to me before to-day.

One of them said, "What did Cousin Harry say the dog's name was?"

"Joe," answered another boy.

"We might call him 'Ugly Joe,' then," said a lad with a round fat face and laughing eyes.

"I don't think Laura would like that," said Jack, coming up behind him. "You see," he went on, "If you call him 'Ugly Joe,' she will say that you are wounding the dog's feelings. 'Beautiful Joe,' would be more to her liking."

A shout went up from the boys. I don't wonder they laughed. Plain looking I naturally was; but I must have been hideous in those bandages.

“ ‘Beautiful,’ then, let it be,” they cried. “Let us go and tell mother, and ask her to give us something for our beauty to eat,” and they all trooped out of the stable.— *Marshall Saunders*.

NOTES

1. Read Saunders' “Beautiful Joe.”
2. Learn what is done in your community to protect horses, cattle, and dogs from cruelty.
3. What laws protect the lower animals?
4. Give instances you have observed in which older people and children have been kind to the lower animals.
5. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: thoroughbred, cur, illtreated, savage, patient, anxiously, disposition, pleadingly, gaunt, scarred creature, agony, moaning, banded, rescuing, punished, maimed, immediately, hideous, trooped.

EXERCISES

1. Why is the speaker called “Beautiful Joe” when he is so ugly?
2. When and why does the dog tell this story?
3. What good word had he heard his mistress say concerning cruelty to animals?
4. In what surroundings was Beautiful Joe born?
5. Explain “I don't think there can be a worse man in the world than that milkman.”
6. Why did Beautiful Joe's mother love her master?
7. Just what kind of man was her master? Give proof.
8. What does “He aimed a kick at us as we passed” show?
9. What is shown of the master in his killing the brothers and sisters of Beautiful Joe?
10. Give passages to show whether or not dumb animals have grief.
11. What spirit did Beautiful Joe show toward the master? Was he justified in this?
12. What is shown of the master in his treatment of Beautiful Joe?
13. What friend appeared at this time?
14. What tells us the nature of the new friends of Beautiful Joe?

15. Just what kind of girl is Laura? Give proofs.
16. What is shown of the children in that they named this poor, maimed dog Beautiful Joe?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

O'REILLY: Dying in the Harness.
WESTWOOD: Little Bell.
BROWNING: Old Tray.
WORDSWORTH: The Pet Lamb.
DE LA RAMÉE: A Dog of Flanders.
OLLIVANT: Bob, Son of Battle.
LONDON: Call of the Wild.
SEWALL: Black Beauty.
KIPLING: Second Jungle Book—Red Dog.
THOMPSON-SETON: Wild Animals I Have Known.
CARTER: Stories of Brave Dogs.
BROWN: Rab and His Friends.
BURNS: To a Field Mouse.

FORGET-ME-NOT

When to the flowers so beautiful
 The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one —
 All timidly it came,
And standing at its Father's feet,
 And gazing in His face,
It said in low and trembling tones,
 With sweet and gentle grace,
“Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
 Alas! I have forgot.”
Then kindly looked the Father down,
 And said, “Forget-me-not.”

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

PERHAPS no other poem has been more widely read by both old and young. It is the children's favorite, for it tells of the love of a father for his children, and of their joy in "surprising papa," which are experiences common to every happy home. Longfellow lived in the old Craigie house in Cambridge, a house now yearly visited by many thousands who love his poems. In this house, his study, furnished with splendidly carved old English furniture, is the castle. His arm-chair is the turret. His three little daughters slip noiselessly down the great hall stairs, and, after a moment of silent plotting, rush in upon him, as if they were soldiers taking the castle by storm. They devour him with kisses. They twine their arms about him, making him think of the Bishop who was devoured by mice at the tower of Bingen on the Rhine. With all the playfulness of a child, and with the great love of a father's heart, he gathers the children in his arms, and in playfulness of love, imprisons them in the round-tower of his heart. What wonder that Longfellow is called "The Children's Poet," and that this poem is read and loved by children everywhere!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

NOTES

1. *Mouse-tower.* An ancient castle tower in the middle of the Rhine, at Bingen, Germany. This tower was the scene of the ancient legend of Archbishop Hatto who was devoured by rats. See Browning's poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."
2. *Round-towers.* Tall slender structures originally built for the purpose of defense, usually of heavy stone walls and containing dungeon-like cells.
3. Look up the following words and expressions: tower, occupations, plotting, raid, castle, turret, dungeon, fortress, scaled, old mustache.

EXERCISES

1. What hour of the day is the children's hour?
2. Where is the scene of this poem laid?
3. How does Longfellow characterize each of the three children?
4. What was the purpose of the sudden rush and the raid?
5. Describe the scene which follows.
6. Why does he speak of the children as "blue-eyed banditti"?
7. Why call himself an "old mustache"?
8. What does he mean by putting these children in the "dungeon" of his heart?
9. Explain the meaning of the last stanza.
10. Why do you think this poem is such a favorite with the children?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GILDER: *A Child*.

SWINBURNE: *The Salt of the Earth*.

DICKENS: *The Children*.

LONGFELLOW: *The Reaper and the Flowers*.

STODDARD: *It Never Comes Again*.

HAWTHORNE: *The Paradise of Children*, *Little Annie's Ramble*.

ALDRICH: *A Young Desperado*.

TROWBRIDGE: *Evening at the Farm*.

ALCOTT: *Little Men*, *Little Women*.

WHITTIER: *The Poet and the Children*.

MOORE: *Those Evening Bells*, *My Lost Youth*, *The Children*.

EUGENE FIELD: *Wynken, Blynken & Nod*.

Our life is but a little holding, lent
To do a mighty labor. We are one
With heaven and the stars when it is spent
To serve God's aim: else die we with the sun.
— *George Meredith*.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST CASE

DANIEL WEBSTER was born on a farm in Salisbury township, New Hampshire, in 1782. His father was a backwoods farmer who had earlier been a hunter and soldier. Daniel owed his education to his mother, who was a cultured woman, proud of her children, and ambitious for their success. The following incident occurred when Daniel was only twelve years of age. After he had become a great lawyer and America's foremost statesman and orator, his admirers pointed proudly back to this incident as showing the wonderful promise of the young man, and proudly referred to this as his "first case."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST CASE

Mr. Webster, Daniel's father, was a farmer. He had a fine garden of which he was justly proud. In some way a woodchuck got into the garden and destroyed many plants. The woodchuck came again and again, until at last Daniel and his brother Ezekiel resolved to set a trap for him.

They did so, and several mornings later they found that the woodchuck had been caught. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal at once, and so put an end to all further trouble with him. Daniel, how-

ever, looked with pity upon the poor captive and proposed to set him free.

The brothers talked over the matter for some time, but they could not seem to agree. They decided to appeal to their father and to follow his advice.

Mr. Webster heard their story and then said: "Well, boys, let us try the case. The woodchuck here is a prisoner. Daniel, you shall be his lawyer and speak for him. Ezekiel, you shall speak against him. I will act as judge."

Ezekiel opened the case. He spoke strongly against the poor woodchuck.

"This fellow is a dangerous criminal. He stole into our garden and did much damage. If he is set free, he will return and repeat the crime. Why did we take the trouble to set a trap for him? Let us kill him at once. His skin is of some value, and will repay in part the damage he has done."

The boy had made a fine speech, and his father was proud of him.

Turning to Daniel, Mr. Webster said: "Now, Daniel, it is your turn to speak. You have heard Ezekiel speak against the prisoner. What have you to say in his defense?"

Daniel rose to speak. It was his first case. He saw at once what his father thought of Ezekiel's speech. Suddenly he chanced to glance at the poor woodchuck trembling with fear in the trap.

The boy's eyes grew moist and his voice trembled with feeling as he spoke.

"God made the woodchuck to enjoy the free life of the fields and the woods. This poor animal has as much right to life as we have. He is not a destructive animal like the fox or the wolf.

"What crime has he committed? He has simply eaten a few vegetables from our garden. Have we not enough and to spare?

"Besides, the poor fellow has simply followed his nature; he has destroyed nothing except what little he needed to eat. He knows no better. Why should we kill him? Many men do wrong and yet they know the difference between right and wrong.

"Possibly the woodchuck thinks as much of his life as we do of ours.

"Let us be merciful to him; then we may expect mercy toward ourselves. God gave the woodchuck his life. He only has the right to take life away."

As the boy spoke his voice was strong and yet tender, and his face was full of pity. The tears fell from Mr. Webster's eyes as he listened to the boy's speech.

Springing from his chair, he cried, "Zeke! Zeke! let that woodchuck go!"

Daniel Webster had won his first case.

NOTES

1. Lock up all you can about the woodchuck. See the picture of the woodchuck, or ground-hog, in the dictionary.
2. Be able to give a short sketch of the life of Webster.
3. Be able to give synonyms for, or to explain the meanings of, the following words: resolved, proposed, capture, appeal, prisoner, criminal, damage, defense, case, destructive, merciful.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the circumstances under which Daniel Webster was brought up.
2. How much sympathy for woodchucks ought we to expect the average farmer in New England to have? Why?
3. Why had the boys caught the woodchuck?
4. What did each boy propose to do with the woodchuck?
5. What caused them to appeal to their father to settle the dispute?
6. What manner of deciding the difficulty did the father propose?
7. What five points do you find in Ezekiel's argument against the woodchuck?
8. What impression did this speech make on the father?
9. In what manner did Daniel make his plea?
10. What are the strongest points Daniel made in favor of the wood-chuck?
11. What effect did this plea have on Mr. Webster?
12. What was the father's decision as judge?
13. From what you know of woodchucks, and from the arguments here given, was the decision just?
14. Just what characteristics of Daniel are shown in this incident?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOLLAND: The High Court of Inquiry.

WEBSTER: Bunker Hill Oration, Reply to Hayne.

HAPGOOD: Daniel Webster.

Greatness of Daniel Gregg.

God's livery is a very plain one; but its wearers have good reason to be content. If it have not so much gold lace about it as Satan's, it keeps out foul weather better, and is besides a great deal cheaper.
— *James Russell Lowell.*

THE DAY IS DONE

NO poet is so universally beloved as Henry W. Longfellow. On one occasion where a great ocean steamer was coming home to America, the passengers found that nearly every nation on earth was represented. By way of diversion, it was proposed that each passenger was to write out his favorite quotation and name its author. When this was done it was found that nearly seventy per cent of the quotations were from Longfellow. Thus it is seen that his fame belongs not alone to America, but to the world.

In this poem we find something of the cause for his success in winning his way to the hearts of all. He lived in sympathy with the life around him, and in touch with its sorrows and its joys. Doubtless the poem tells of a real experience of the poet. The lights are gleaming strangely through the rain and the mist. The chill and gloom of the world without seem to bring a feeling of sadness to the poet's soul — yet "a feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain," for he longs for sweeter visions of truth and immortality, as revealed in "some humbler poet whose songs gushed from his

heart" and whose soul had caught in the midst of life's conflict "the music of wonderful melodies." Indeed, Longfellow himself was the "humbler poet" and the world has listened enraptured to the "music" of his "wonderful melodies" which has brought rest and guided "the restless pulse of care." Like Ernest in "The Great Stone Face," Longfellow himself became the embodiment of his own ideals.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

NOTES

1. Name some "grand old masters"; some "bards sublime."
2. Read "Children's Hour," "The Children," and "Footsteps of Angels," and other poems you like. What is your favorite Longfellow poem?
3. Be prepared to explain the meanings of the following words and expressions: wafted, akin, banish, corridors of time, martial music, gushed, devoid, melodies, restless pulse of care, benediction, treasured, infest.

EXERCISES

1. How is a feather "wafted" from a flying eagle?
2. How do lights look through rain and mist?
3. What mood fills the poet's soul at this time?
4. Why is he careful to tell us that his feeling "is not akin to pain"?
5. In what way does mist resemble rain?
6. Explain "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain."
7. Why does the author now ask that a poem be read to him?
8. Why not have a poem from "the grand old masters"?
9. Explain "distant footsteps echo through the corridors of time."
10. What do the poems of the masters suggest?
11. How do showers come from the clouds of summer?
12. Then what kind of song does the poet now long to hear?
13. Why does he want the poem read aloud?
14. What is Longfellow's ideal of the work of the real nature poet?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MRS. BROWNING: The Sleep, The Little Cares that Fretted Me.

POE: A Dream Within a Dream.

LONGFELLOW: A Psalm of Life.

COOLIDGE: Every Day is a New Beginning.

CARLYLE: To-day.

LONGFELLOW: The Rainy Day.

TENNYSON: Tears, Idle Tears.

HANS ANDERSEN: The Bell.

THE HIGH COURT OF INQUIRY

THE story of how boys settle their own troubles is always more fascinating than the story of how older people settle disputes for them. Every boy in school must sooner or later win his own way. If he plays unfairly, talks boastfully, or is otherwise dishonest, he is likely soon to lose the good-will of his schoolmates. In the following incident, taken from Holland's exquisite boys' story, Arthur Bonnicastle, the hero of the story is a lad given to boasting and misrepresenting to such a degree that his associates can bear it no longer. They organize a high court of inquiry, arrest the culprit, bring him to trial, examine him rigidly, and are ready to report him to the master for correction and confession when the master appears. The master explains the true nature of the case, gives kindly counsel, and causes young Bonnicastle to resolve to prove worthy of the friendship of his fellows.

THE HIGH COURT OF INQUIRY

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered the school that, on a rainy holiday, I was met by two boys who ordered me peremptorily to

“halt.” Both had staves in their hands, taller than themselves, and one of them addressed me with the words: “Arthur Bonnicastle, you are arrested in the name of the High Court of Inquiry, and ordered to appear before that august tribunal, to answer for your sins and misdemeanors. Right about face!”

The movement had so much the air of mystery and romance that I was about equally pleased and scared. Marching between the two officials, I was led directly to my own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent.

“We have secured the offender,” said one of my captors, “and now have the satisfaction of presenting him before this honorable society.”

“The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me,” said the presiding officer, in a tone of dignified severity.

I was accordingly marched into the middle of the room and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.

“Arthur Bonnicastle,” said the officer before mentioned, “you are brought before the High Court of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?”

“I am not guilty. Who says I am?” I exclaimed indignantly.

“Henry Hulm, advance!” said the officer.

Henry rose, and walking by me, took a position near the officer at the head of the room.

“Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the Court whether you know him.”

“I know him well. He is my chum,” replied Henry.

“What is his character?”

“He is bright and very amiable.”

“Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?”

“I do not.”

“Has he deceived you?” inquired the officer.
“If he has, please to state the occasion and circumstances.”

“No, Your Honor. He has never deceived me. I always know whether he is speaking the truth or not.”

“Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?”

“I have,” replied Henry, “many times.”

“Has he shown any disposition to mend?”

“None at all, Your Honor.”

“What is the character of his falsehood?”

“He tells,” replied Henry, “stunning stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing wonderful deeds.”

I now began, with great shame and confusion, to realize that I was exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse either to cry or to attempt to fly.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" said the officer.

"I will," responded Henry, "but I can do it best by asking him some questions."

"Very well," said the officer, with a polite bow. "Pursue the course you think best."

"Arthur," said Henry, addressing me directly, "did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on the way to this school, your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road, and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent that tail to one of your sisters to wear in her winter hat?"

"Yes, I did," I responded, with my face flaming and painful with shame.

"And did your said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road, and cut off said tail; and did you send home said tail to said sister to be worn in said hat?" inquired the judge, with a low gruff voice. "The prisoner will answer so that all can hear."

"No," I replied, and, looking for some justification of my story, I added: "But I did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" ran around the room in chorus. "He did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you or did you not tell me that when on the way to this school you

overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear, and tossed it over the fence, and broke its leg?"

"I s'pose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence, and break said leg?" inquired the officer.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," I replied doggedly, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! oh! oh!" chimed in the chorus. "He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf!"

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries."

"Did you or did you not," said Henry, turning to me again, "tell me that one day, when dining at your aunt's, you saw a magic portrait of a boy upon the wall, that came and went, and came and went like a shadow or a ghost?"

As Henry asked this question he stood between two windows, while the lower portion of his person was hidden by a table behind which he had retired.

His face was lighted by a half smile, and I saw him literally in a frame, as I had first seen the picture to which he had alluded. In a moment I became oblivious to everything around me except Henry's face. The portrait was there again before my eyes. Every lineament and even the peculiar pose of the head were recalled to me.

"Did you or did you not tell me the story about the portrait, Arthur?"

"Yes," I responded, "and it looked just like you. Oh! it did, it did, it did! There — turn your head a little more that way — so! It was a perfect picture of you, Henry. You never could imagine such a likeness!"

"You are a little blower, you are," volunteered Jack Linton, from a corner.

"Order! order! order!"

Looking around upon the boys, and realizing what had been done and what was in progress, I went into a fit of hearty crying, that distressed them quite as much as my previous mood had done. At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed toward the door upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of the interruption. There, in the doorway towering above us all, and looking questioningly down upon the little assembly, stood Mr. Bird.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand. The officer who had presided explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying and they were about to order him to report to the master for confession and correction.

Then Mr. Bird took a chair and patiently heard the whole story. Without a reproach further than saying that he thought me much too young for experiments of the kind they had instituted in the

case, he explained to them and to me the nature of my misdemeanors.

"The boy has a great deal of imagination," he said, "and a strong love of approbation. Somebody has flattered his power of invention, probably, and to secure admiration he has exercised it until he has acquired the habit of exaggeration. I am glad if he has learned, even by the severe means which have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have told you all about the lad, and instituted a better mode of dealing with him. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?" And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

"I don't think I shall do it any more," I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me downstairs into his own room, and charged me with kindly counsel. I went out from the interview humbled and without a revengeful thought in my heart toward the boys who had brought me to my trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.—

J. G. Holland.

NOTES

1. If possible read Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle."
2. *High Court of Inquiry.* So called because the boys in "Boyville" are imitating their elders who organize just such courts for the settlement of difficulties.
3. Find, from any good lawyer, the difference between this trial and the ordinary court trial.

4. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: *peremptorily*, *staves*, *august tribunal*, *misdemeanor*, *romance*, *dignified severity*, *dependence*, *amiable*, *veracity*, *desist*, *stunning stories*, *impulse*, *chaise*, *magic portrait*, *literally*, *oblivious*, *lineament*, *volunteered*, *instituted*, *approbation*, *power of invention*, *exaggeration*, *kindly counsel*.

EXERCISES

1. Just what was the High Court of Inquiry?
2. Why did Arthur Bonnicastle obey the summons of the officers?
3. Why did the officers speak of the high court as an "august tribunal," an "honorable society"?
4. How was Bonnicastle impressed with the situation? Why does he speak of this as a "grand occasion?"
5. What charge was brought against Bonnicastle?
6. What was his plea to the charge?
7. What did Henry Hulm testify as to Bonnicastle's character?
8. Why had not Bonnicastle deceived Henry Hulm?
9. In what manner was Bonnicastle made to confess his guilt?
10. What broke the spell of Bonnicastle's testimony regarding the portrait?
11. Why did Bonnicastle break into a fit of crying?
12. What effect did the change of mood have on the boys?
13. What interruption occurred at this time?
14. Explain "I flew to his side and took his hand."
15. Just what kind of master was Mr. Bird?
16. Was Mr. Bird fair in the final settlement of this case?
17. What new determination came to Arthur Bonnicastle as the result of the experiment?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

IAN MACLAREN: *Bonnie Brier Bush — A Lad o'Pairs*.

EGGLESTON: *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*.

ARNOLD: *The Jolly Old Pedagogue*.

TROWBRIDGE: *The Little Master*.

HUGHES: *Tom Brown at Oxford*, *Tom Brown at Rugby*, *Tom Brown's School Days*.

SMITH: The Evolution of Dodd.

Daniel Webster's First Case.

The Lost Camel.

WARNER: Being a Boy.

WHITE: Court of Boyville.

VAN DYKE: The Ruby Crowned Knight

ALDRICH: Story of a Bad Boy.

HANS ANDERSEN: The Naughty Boy.

A PRAYER

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs

I do not pray:

Keep me from stain of sin,

Just for to-day;

Let me both diligently work

And duly pray;

Let me be kind in deed and word,

Just for to-day;

Let me be slow to do my will,

Prompt to obey;

Help me to sacrifice myself,

Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong nor idle word

Unthinking say,

Set thou thy seal upon my lips,

Just for to-day.

So, for the morrow and its needs,

I do not pray;

But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,

Just for to-day.

— *Canon Wilberforce.*

THE SANDPIPER

MRS. CELIA THAXTER, whose name as a girl was Celia Leighton, lived on the Isles of Shoals, just off the coast of New Hampshire, where her father was keeper of the lighthouse. She spent a great deal of her childhood out of doors and she learned to love all kinds of animals. After a stormy night, Celia would go out with her father to gather driftwood, but it was said of her that she spent most of her time hunting and caring for the birds which had been blown against the lighthouse and hurt during the storm. She made friends with the beach-birds, and when grown wrote this beautiful poem to acknowledge her tender comradeship with them.

THE SANDPIPER¹

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

¹ Used by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers of the works of Celia Thaxter.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

— *Celia Thaxter.*

NOTES

1. *Sandpiper.* Look up something about the appearance and habits of this little bird.
2. Read Celia Thaxter's "The Wounded Curlew" and "Little Gustava."

3. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: flit, wild waves, raves, sullen clouds, scud, misty shrouds, close-reefed, fitful song, fluttering drapery, scans, stanch, comrade, furiously, wroth, tempest.

EXERCISES

1. In what sense did this poem tell the experience of the author?
2. Why is the beach "lonely"?
3. What is the author doing on the beach?
4. Explain "The wild waves reach their hands for it."
5. Why does the little sandpiper not fear her?
6. What tells the kind of day it is?
7. Why should "close-reefed" vessels "fly"?
8. Why did she and the sandpiper flit fast?
9. In what sense were they stanch and well tried friends?
10. Why does she speak of this bird as a comrade?
11. Why does she wonder where the bird will spend the wild, stormy night?
12. Why does she not fear for the sandpiper?
13. How does she acknowledge true comradeship with the little sandpiper?
14. What to you is the best thought of the poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

DANA: *The Little Beach Bird.*
HOGG: *The Skylark.*
SHELLEY: *Ode to the Skylark.*
WORDSWORTH: *To a Skylark, The Nightingale.*
ALDRICH: *The Bluebird.*
HELEN HUNT JACKSON: *God's Lighthouses.*
PROCTER: *The Owl.*
ARNOLD: *The Swallows.*
BRYANT: *To a Waterfowl.*
TENNYSON: *The Owl.*
SYDNEY DAYRE: *Remorse.*
JEAN INGELOW: *Sand Martins.*
Lost—*Those Little Robins.*

THE IMAGE AND THE TREASURE

THE following story is taken from the Book of Legends written by Horace E. Scudder, then editor of the Atlantic Monthly. This is an intensely fascinating story of a learned man who skillfully interpreted the words "Strike Here," which were found on the middle finger of the hand of the graven image of a man in the city of Rome. Many had struck the image, thinking that was what it meant, but this learned man interpreted the meaning differently. His interpretation of the words "Strike Here" and the strange experience he had as a result are told in this story. The story will have the keenest interest to each one of us who has built air castles or has dreamed of finding great riches suddenly. Practically the same story is told in Longfellow's beautiful story *Morituri Salutamus*.

THE IMAGE AND THE TREASURE

In the city of Rome there was a graven image of a man. It stood upright, and held out its hand. On the middle finger of the hand were the words "Strike Here." No one knew what this meant, but all thought that the image held some hidden treasure.

So the image was marred by blows where one

person and another had struck it to find the opening.

At last a learned man looked hard at the image to see if he could find out the secret. The sun was shining brightly. It was noon, and the shadow of the image lay upon the ground. The hand of the shadow was stretched out, and the learned man saw the shadow finger.

He marked the spot where the tip of the finger rested, and at night, when all was still, he came again. He had brought a spade with him, and he dug down at the spot he had marked.

Soon he came to a trap door. He raised the door, and saw some steps leading down. Then he closed the door above him, and went down the steps.

He found himself in a great hall, and in the middle of the hall was a table. The table was set with dishes of gold and silver, with golden knives and cups of gold.

At one end sat a king and queen. He knew them by their rich robes, and by the crowns on their heads. Fine nobles, too, sat at the table, and all about were men standing.

The wonder was, there was not a sound, and not a single person moved. The king sat still; the queen sat still; the nobles did not stir; the men were fixed. It was as if they were all of stone, and so they were; for when this learned man touched them, he found that they were stone.

He went into a room beyond. There he saw many women dressed in purple. They, too, were of stone.

He went into a stable; there stood horses in the stalls, and dogs; but they had all been turned to stone.

So he went about the palace, for palace it plainly was, and everywhere it was as still as death. Not a living thing was to be seen; but there were riches more than he had ever dreamt of.

At last he came back to the great hall. He saw that the light which lighted the hall came from a precious stone in one corner. The light, as he gazed, fell upon a stone archer, who stood with his bow drawn, and the arrow pointed at the precious stone.

On the archer's brow were the words:

"I am what I am. My shaft is sure; least of all can the precious stone escape me."

Now the learned man thought to carry away some of the treasures. He went to the table and chose some of the golden cups. They would be the easiest to carry.

But no sooner had he hidden them in his cloak than, whish! the arrow sped from the bow and struck the precious stone. In an instant the stone was shivered to bits and there was total darkness.

The learned man groped for the stairs. He could not find them. He went back and forth, but he never found the stairs. He, too, became a stone statue in the secret hall.—*Horace E. Scudder.*

NOTES

1. *Rome.* Locate the city of Rome and tell something regarding its early history.

2. If possible read other legends from Scudder's "Book of Legends." Read also the story of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp."
3. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: image, hidden treasure, palace, borrowed, precious, archer, shaft, shivered, groped.

EXERCISES

1. What did the people think was the meaning of the words "Strike Here"?
2. As a result, what damage was done to the image?
3. How did the learned man find out the secret?
4. As a result what did he do?
5. What discovery did he make?
6. Describe what he saw in the great treasure hall.
7. What was peculiar about all of the beings in the treasure hall?
8. How was the hall lighted?
9. What thought now came to the learned man?
10. What words were on the archer's brow?
11. What happened the instant the man hid the golden cups under his cloak?
12. What was finally the fate of this learned man?
13. Do you think this man was properly rewarded for his wisdom and shrewdness?
14. Had he been less anxious for treasure and more anxious to serve others would he have been so rewarded?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GRIMM: The Sleeping Beauty.

Arabian Nights—Aladdin's Lamp.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

SARAH PIATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.

HAWTHORNE: The Threecold Destiny, The Minister's Black Veil, The Great Carbuncle.

POE: MS. Found in a Bottle.

HANS ANDERSEN: The Little Match Girl, Garden of Paradise, The Tinder Box.

STOCKTON: Fanciful Tales.

CARROLL: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

THE words home, mother, father will always have a peculiar charm for each one of us. To those who are older, these words have the power to awaken memories sad or sweet, but always dear. As happy, care-free children, we seldom say much about it, but deep within our hearts we feel that we love father, mother, and home. We are glad that "Mothers' Day" promises soon to be observed reverently throughout our broad land. When we stop to think of all the sacrifices our parents have made for us, we feel that we can never do enough for them in return. Whoever shows respect or courtesy to an aged father or mother calls forth our sincerest respect. For this reason, the following poem will always be loved by the boys and girls of the land. In this touching incident the unknown poet has voiced the dearest sentiment in the heart of every boy and girl. However thoughtless boys may appear at times, their hearts are right. In this incident, the "gayest laddie of all the group" quietly left his frolicsome companions and carefully helped a poor, bent old woman across the slippery street. His companions looked at him in surprise on his return, but he

said with pride, "She's somebody's mother, boys." Could he have known how tenderly the heart of the aged mother was touched, he would have been more than repaid for his thoughtfulness.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER¹

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last one came of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

¹ Originally printed in *Harper's Weekly*, March 2, 1878, and reprinted by courteous permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers.

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

“She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.”

And “somebody's mother” bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was — “God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!”

NOTES

1. Collect from other writings all the beautiful tributes you can find paid to mothers.
2. Read Cary's “An Order for a Picture” and Cowper's “On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture.”
3. Make a list of a number of the best things a mother does for her children.
4. Explain clearly the meanings of the following words and expressions: bent with the chill, uncared for, amid, throng, heeded, anxious eye, freedom, hastened, slippery street, gayest laddie, paused, guided, lend a hand.

EXERCISES

1. Describe the old woman.
2. Why did she wait so long at the crossing?
3. Why did many children pass without offering her a helping hand?

4. Why was she "so timid, afraid to stir"?
5. What caused the "*gayest laddie*" to pause to help her?
6. Why "whispered low"?
7. Why did he not fear the jeers and taunts of his companions?
8. What made "his young heart happy and well content"?
9. What reason did he give the boys for his act?
10. How did the aged woman show her appreciation?
11. Give instances in which you have known young people to be kind to older people.
12. Why should young people be respectful and kind to older people?
13. Find other poems in which mothers are shown special respect.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ALICE CARY: *An Order for a Picture, Pictures of Memory.*
MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY: *Our Mother.*
WORDSWORTH: *She Was a Phantom of Delight.*
LAURA BLANCHARD: *The Mother's Hope.*
COWPER: *My Mother's Picture.*
HOOD: *I Remember, I Remember.*
Somebody's Darling.
HANS ANDERSEN: *Story of a Mother.*

LOOK FOR GOODNESS

Do not look for wrong and evil —
 You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
 He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
 You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
 To the glass, you meet a smile.

— *Alice Cary.*

THE FIGHT

NO one respects a bully on the playground. Every bully is a coward, or he would not try to take advantage of others smaller than himself. Nothing pleases us more than to see a bully punished by a smaller boy who has too much grit to be imposed upon. In the following story, Franti is a big boy who has broken a window-pane of the schoolhouse, but who promised to punish the little cripple, Stardi, if Stardi told on him. Just as another boy was about to be arrested for the act, Stardi appeared and said, "This is not the right one, I saw it with my own eyes. It was Franti who threw it and he said to me, 'Woe if you tell on me,' but I am not afraid." Franti was immediately expelled, but he decided to get revenge on Stardi. The following, taken from an Italian Schoolboy's Diary, describes the fight in which Franti sought revenge.

THE FIGHT

It was what might have been expected. Franti, on being expelled by the head master, wanted to revenge himself on Stardi, and he waited for Stardi at a corner, when he came out of school, and when the latter was passing with his sister, whom he

escorts every day from an institution in the Via Dora Grossa. My sister Silvia, on emerging from her schoolhouse, witnessed the whole affair, and came home thoroughly terrified. This was what took place. Franti, with his cap of wax cloth canted over one ear, ran up on tiptoe behind Stardi, and in order to provoke him, gave a tug at his sister's braid of hair, a tug so violent that it almost threw the girl flat on her back on the ground. The little girl uttered a cry; and her brother whirled around; Franti, who is much taller and stronger than Stardi, thought:

“He'll not utter a word, or I'll break his skin for him!”

But Stardi never paused to reflect, and small and ill-made as he is, he flung himself with one bound on that big fellow, and began to belabor him with his fists. He could not hold his own, however, and he got more than he gave. There was no one in the street but girls, so there was no one who could separate them. Franti flung him on the ground; but the other instantly got up, and then down he went on his back again, and Franti pounded away as upon a door: in an instant he had torn away half an ear, and bruised one eye, and drawn blood from the other's nose. But Stardi was tenacious; he roared:

“You may kill me, but I'll make you pay for it!”
And down went Franti, kicking and cuffing, and Stardi under him butting and lunging out with his heels. A woman shrieked from a window, “Good

for the little one!" Others said, "It is a boy defending his sister; courage! give it to him well!" And they screamed at Franti, "You overbearing brute! you coward!" But Franti had grown ferocious; he held out his leg; Stardi tripped and fell, and Franti on top of him.

"Surrender!"— "No!"— Surrender!"— "No!" and in a flash Stardi recovered his feet, clasped Franti by the body, and, with one furious effort, hurled him on the pavement, and fell upon him with one knee upon his breast.

"Ah, the infamous fellow! he has a knife!" shouted a man, rushing up to disarm Franti.

But Stardi, beside himself with rage, had already grasped Franti's arm with both hands, and bestowed on the fist such a bite that the knife fell from it, and the hand began to bleed. More people had run up in the meantime, who separated them and set them on their feet. Franti took to his heels in a very sorry plight, and Stardi stood still, with his face all scratched, and a black eye, but triumphant, beside his weeping sister, while some of the girls collected the books and copybooks which were strewn over the street.

But Stardi, who was thinking more of his satchel than of his victory, instantly set to examining the books and copybooks, one by one, to see whether anything was missing or injured. He rubbed them off with his sleeve, scrutinized his pen, put everything back in its place, and then, tranquil and serious as usual, he said to his sister,

“Let us go home quickly, for I have a problem to solve.”

NOTES

1. The above extract is taken from Edmondo De Amicis' “Cuore,” or Italian Schoolboy's Diary.
2. *Via Dora Grossa*, an Italian street.
3. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: escorts, canted, belabor, lunging, sorry plight, tranquil, scrutinized.

EXERCISES

1. To what extent do you think Stardi was justified in telling on Franti?
2. What punishment was given to Franti?
3. What revenge did Franti seek?
4. What is shown of Franti in the manner in which he attempted to start the fight?
5. What did Franti think Stardi would do?
6. Explain “Stardi never paused to reflect.”
7. What is shown of Stardi in that he was willing to attack so large a boy?
8. What is shown of Stardi in the words “he roared”?
9. How did the onlookers regard this fight?
10. What did Franti finally attempt to do?
11. Explain, “Franti took to his heels in a sorry plight.”
12. Why did the bystanders commend Stardi?
13. Explain, “thinking more of his satchel than of his victory.”
14. What had Stardi's last words shown?
15. Do you think it was right for Stardi to fight under such circumstances?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BROWNING: Count Gismond, Incident of a French Camp.

HUGHES: Tom Brown at Rugby.

THE BIBLE: David and Goliath.

HUNT: The Glove and the Lions.

MRS. HEMANS: Bernardo del Carpio.

SCOTT: Lady of the Lake — The Combat.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

J. G. ADAMS: The Soldier.

ALDRICH: Story of a Bad Boy.

SMILES: Character.

DE AMICIS: The Sardinian Drummer Boy.

ARNOLD: Sohrab and Rustum.

A SIMPLE RECIPE¹

To be a wholly worthy man,

As you, my boy, would like to be,—

This is to show you how you can —

This simple recipe.

Be honest — both in word and act

Be strictly truthful through and through.

Fact cannot fail. You stick to fact,

And fact will stick to you.

Be clean, outside and in, and sweep

Both hearth and heart, and hold them bright.

Wear snowy linen — aye, and keep

Your conscience snowy white.

Do right, your utmost, good *must* come

To you who do your level best —

Your very hopes will help you some,

And work will do the rest.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

¹ From *His Pa's Romance*. Copyright 1903. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

HOME, SWEET HOME

IT remained for an American who died in foreign lands to sing us our choicest home song. John Howard Payne was born in New York in 1791, and spent his childhood in a humble home in East Hampton, Long Island. At the age of thirteen, while clerk in a New York mercantile house, he secretly edited the *Thespian Mirror*. For a while he attended Union College, but the bankruptcy of his father caused the young man to quit college and to seek to support himself as an actor. At eighteen, he played the part of Young Norval in "Douglas" in the Park Theatre, New York, and later appeared in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

In 1813, he sailed for England where he appeared in the Drury Lane Theatre, London, successively as actor, manager, and playwright. He proved a very unsuccessful business manager, and hence suffered many financial embarrassments. In 1832, he returned to America. Ten years later, he was appointed as American Consul at Tunis, was recalled in 1845, and reappointed in 1851. He died in Tunis April 9, 1852, and was buried there in the cemetery of St. George. It was not until 1883 that his remains

were at last brought to America, where they were finally interred in Washington with due ceremony, and with proper recognition of the wandering actor's home song.

The song "Home, Sweet Home," is a solo in Payne's Opera of *Clari*, or the *Maid of Milan*, which was first produced in Covent Garden Theatre in May, 1823. The music was adapted by Henry R. Bishop from an old melody which Payne had heard in Italy. The publisher of the song cleared two thousand guineas the first year, but Payne himself received very little of the profit.

Men everywhere have loved this exquisite home song. The soldier on the battlefield, the sailor on the trackless sea, and the lonely traveler with tear-dimmed eyes, have heard with thrills of delight the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home." We prize the song more highly because the author himself was a wanderer with no home he could call his own. His very loneliness, by way of contrast, seems to give this ideal home picture its truth and makes it touch deeply the hearts of men.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than
all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

— *John Howard Payne.*

The above is the song as originally written.
Later the following stanzas were added:

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through the woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer
me no more.

If I return home overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace I'm sure to meet there;
The bliss I experience whenever I come,
Makes no other place seem like that of sweet home.

Farewell peaceful cottage! farewell happy home!
Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam;
This poor, aching heart must be laid in the tomb,
Ere it cease to regret the endearments of home.

NOTES

1. The best biographies of the author of this poem are Harrison's "John Howard Payne," Washington, 1885, and Brainard's "John Howard Payne," Philadelphia, 1885. These were called forth by reason of the great honor with which the remains of the wanderer were interred permanently at Washington.

2. After careful study, have the school sing the song.
3. Look up carefully the following words and expressions: palaces, humble, charm, hallow, exile, splendor, dazzles, lowly thatched cottage, drear wild, fragrance, overburdened, heart's dearest solace, bliss, doomed, endearments.

EXERCISES

1. Give a brief sketch of the life of the author of this poem.
2. What is there about the author's life that makes the poem more impressive?
3. When and in what setting was the poem written?
4. What experience had the author with "pleasures and palaces"?
5. Explain fully the meaning of "hallow."
6. What was the "charm from the skies"?
7. Why can it not be found elsewhere?
8. In what sense was the author "an exile from home"?
9. Explain "splendor dazzles in vain."
10. Why does the author prefer the "lowly thatched cottage"?
11. What else endears home to him?
12. What was "that peace of mind dearer than all"?
13. Just what is added to the poem in the extra three stanzas?
14. What now seems to you to be the fuller meaning of the second line of stanza 1?
15. Why is this song so universally loved?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

JEAN INGELOW: *Longing for Home*

MOORE: *The Dream of Home*.

CARY: *An Order for a Picture, Pictures of Memory*.

Somebody's Mother.

BURNS: *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

RILEY: *Old Aunt Mary's*.

STEVENSON: *The House Beautiful*.

MRS. HEMANS: *The Homes of England, The Spells of Home*.

TENNYSON: *Sweet and Low*.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

IT is interesting to discover truths for ourselves. Most of us would rather guess the answer to a conundrum than to be told it. Most of us would rather solve a problem than have it solved for us. We prefer to eat our own dinners, to do our own work, and to discover everything we can for ourselves. For this reason, we love to study people. There is added charm when we study lifeless things acting like people, as in this story. In this spirited controversy between the parts of the clock, we cannot help feeling that we are listening to people who have to learn, by experience, to do their part of the world's work, much the same as the pendulum had to do. In the words of these contending bits of clockwork, we are glad to catch one of the great truths of life.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

It is early on a summer morning in the hallway of an old colonial mansion. Not a member of the family is stirring. In the corner stands an old grandfather's clock with its long pendulum swinging solemnly backward and forward as it has done for fifty years. Suddenly a slight shiver passes over

its entire frame. The clock has stopped! The dial changes countenance with alarm; the hands make a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remain motionless with surprise; the weights hang speechless. Each member is disposed to lay the blame on the others. Finally the dial proceeds to inquire into the cause of the sudden stopping.

THE DIAL (*to Hands*). Why don't you go on? Can't you see you are stopping everything!

THE HANDS (*in dismay*). We are doing our best, but cannot move.

THE DIAL (*impatiently*). Why don't you wheels help a little?

THE WHEELS (*with a whir*). We are doing all we can.

THE DIAL (*becoming blue in the face*). Weights, why so silent? Help, can't you?

THE WEIGHTS (*with gravity*). We are doing our work. It must be another who is shirking.

THE DIAL (*angrily*). Then what is the matter?

THE HANDS (*looking around*). That's what we should like to know!

THE WHEELS. And we!

THE WEIGHTS (*gravely*). And we!

THE PENDULUM (*with a faint tick below*). I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is that I am simply tired of ticking.

THE DIAL (*holding up hands in horror*). You lazy wire!

THE PENDULUM. Very good. It is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how would you like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do?

THE DIAL. Do you not have a window in your house just to look through?

THE PENDULUM. For all that, it is very dark here, and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours. Can any of you there above give me the exact number?

THE MINUTE HAND (*counting quickly and quietly on its fingers*). Sixty times sixty, times twenty-four. (*Aloud*) Eighty-six thousand four hundred times.

THE PENDULUM (*triumphantly*). Exactly so. Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged

at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop.

THE DIAL (*laughing behind the hands, then sobering rapidly*). Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do, which, although it may *fatigue* us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Will you now give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?

THE PENDULUM. With pleasure! (*Ticks six times.*)

THE DIAL. Now, may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?

THE PENDULUM. Not in the least. It is not of the *six* strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*.

THE DIAL. Very good. But recollect that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in.

THE PENDULUM. That idea staggers me, I confess.

THE DIAL (*looking triumphantly at all present*). Then I hope that we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the servants will lie in bed as long as we stand idling thus, and the master will soon be down for breakfast.

THE WEIGHTS (*to the Pendulum*). Better swing, you are bested in the argument.

THE PENDULUM. All right! Altogether, ready, here we go. Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

THE DIAL (*a sunbeam striking its happy face*). Just in time! Here he comes!

THE OLD FARMER (*placing his hat on a chair, looks at the clock, then suddenly takes out his watch*). Bless me! What can the matter be? My watch has gained half an hour.

— *Arranged from original of Jane Taylor.*

NOTES

1. Assign each part to a pupil adapted to take it, and let the pupils act out this lesson, with such additions and variations as may suggest themselves.
2. Read "The Discontented Fir Tree," and "The Old Clock on the Stairs." Get pictures of the old hall clocks. Observe a jeweler take a clock to pieces.
3. Be prepared to pronounce, spell, and define: pendulum, countenance, motionless, proceeded, shirking, stoppage, sole, assign, vastly, beseech, disgust, calculating, appeal, fatigue, discouraged, reasoning, hesitation, astonished, suggestion, illustrate, argument, exertion, execute.

EXERCISES

1. What occurred to occasion the Dial's investigation?
2. Why should each member lay the blame on the others?
3. What part of the clock remained silent in response to the question "Then what is the matter?" What did this indicate?
4. What is shown of the Pendulum in its frank confession? Just what is its first confession?
5. How does the Pendulum further attempt to justify itself?
6. What finally disgusted the Pendulum with its work?
7. What argument does the Dial present?

8. What tact in requesting the Pendulum to illustrate the argument?
9. What final revelation "staggered" the Pendulum?
10. When the Pendulum was bested in the argument, what naturally followed for all the parts of the clock?
11. Why did the farmer think his watch had gained?
12. In what way had these quarreling parts interfered with other matters than their own?
13. If the Dial were a person, what kind of person would it be?
14. If the Pendulum were a person, what kind of person would it be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: *The Old Clock on the Stairs.*

VAN DYKE: *My Work.*

GOULD: *The Pebble and the Acorn.*

COWPER: *The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.*

MACKAY: *Song of Life.*

WALTER C. SMITH: *The Self-Exiled.*

SARA ORNE JEWETT: *Discontent.*

HANS ANDERSEN: *The Discontented Fir Tree, The Ugly Duckling.*

TRUE SUCCESS

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has not lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life has been an inspiration and whose memory is a benediction.—*Bessie A. Stanley.*



MADAME LE BRUN AND DAUGHTER — *Painted by Herself*

WHICH LOVED BEST?

WE all like to study people. We see some who pretend to do great things, but who really do nothing helpful. Others pretend to be helpful and good when they really hinder and annoy. Others say little, but do many kind, helpful acts. Men and women are but children older grown. Boys and girls, when grown, show many of the characteristics of their childhood days. In this poem, three children are shown, and it is an interesting study to discover which one meant exactly what he said. One of the hardest lessons in life is to learn to do exactly what one knows to be right.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

“I love you, mother,” said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

“I love you, mother,” said rosy Nell;
“I love you better than tongue can tell”;
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

“I love you, mother,” said little Fan;
“To-day I’ll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn’t keep!”
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

“I love you, mother,” again they said —
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

— *Joy Allison.*

NOTES

1. What things have you seen children do which tell whether or not they love their mothers?
2. Collect as many incidents as you can showing what mothers are willing to do for their children.
3. Look up the meanings of the following: forgetting, teased, pouted, rejoiced, keep, softly, cheerful, guessed.

EXERCISES

1. What does John tell his mother?
2. Then what does he do?
3. What does this show of his love for his mother?
4. What did Nell tell her mother?
5. What did she do?
6. Is she better or worse than John? Why?
7. How does her declaration of love compare with that of John?
8. What did little Fan tell her mother?
9. What did she do to prove her love?
10. Why was she so happy and cheerful?

11. What is the answer to the question in the last two lines?
12. What kind of clerk would John make in a store?
13. What kind of a teacher would Nell be? Little Fan?
14. Why does not each person do what he knows to be right?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Somebody's Mother.

ALICE CARY: An Order for a Picture.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE: Home, Sweet Home.

LAURA BLANCHARD: The Mother's Hope.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY: Our Mother.

LADY CAREW: True Greatness.

JEAN INGELOW: Love's Thread of Gold.

WHITE: Court of Boyville.

J. G. ADAMS: The Soldier.

BONAR: Be True.

HOLLAND: God Give Us Men.

HANS ANDERSEN: The Girl Who Trod on a Loaf.

HOPE

Once on a time from scenes of light
An angel winged its fairy flight.
Down to the earth in haste he came,
And wrote in lines of living flame
These words in every heart he met:
"Cheer up, cheer up! be not discouraged yet!"
Then back to heaven with speed he flew
And tuned his golden harp anew,
And all the joyful throng came round
To listen to the soul-inspiring sound,
And heaven was filled with pure delight,
For Hope had been to earth that night.

— *Anonymous.*

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

IN this delightful little conversation between the mountain and the squirrel, Emerson has given us one of his best thoughts. As he understood the world, he felt that everything in it has its own place and its own work. Each one has a work to do, and each one sees things as they contribute toward that work. Even the squirrel happily observes that the mountain makes "a very good squirrel track." If the squirrel cannot do the mountain's work, he can at least do his own.

It is as important that the little things be done as that the larger things be done.

"Without the nail the shoe was lost,
Without the shoe the horse was lost,
Without the horse the rider was lost, and
Without the rider the battle was lost."

Upon stepping-stones of little things we rise to the greatest achievements. In the striking contrast between the giant mountain and the little squirrel, Emerson has emphasized the fact that whether great or small, everything in its own place has something to do to work out the plan of the universe.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL¹

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere,
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

NOTES

1. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words: bun, sphere, disgrace, occupy, spry, talents.
2. This poem may be made very fascinating to children by means of dramatization. Have a large and a small person impersonate the mountain and the squirrel, respectively, and have the dramatic action begin with the mountain proudly calling the squirrel a little prig.

¹ Used by special arrangement with the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co.

EXERCISES

1. About what have the mountain and the squirrel quarreled?
2. What insult has the mountain offered to the squirrel?
3. Explain "little prig."
4. Read carefully the squirrel's reply to the mountain.
5. What is the squirrel's manner as he makes this reply?
6. Explain "I think it no disgrace to occupy my place."
7. How has the squirrel brought out the idea that smallness may be as valuable as largeness?
8. Explain "Talents differ."
9. What work can the squirrel do that the mountain cannot do?
10. What do you think is the largest thought Emerson would have us get from the poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SAXE: The Blind Men and the Elephant.

KIPLING: The Bell Buoy.

GOULD: The Pebble and the Acorn.

MACKAY: The Miller of the Dee.

JEAN INGELOW: A Singing Lesson.

AESOP: The Wind and the Sun.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

— *James Russell Lowell.*

THE FIRST ROSES

EVERY person is interested in "first things." We pluck the beautiful rose and wonder how it came to be. It is true that we can not know its real origin, but we are charmed with the story which explains just how some have fancied roses came into existence. The following story is taken from Sir John Mandeville's "Voiage and Travaile" and adapted by Professor Crawford:

THE FIRST ROSES

In the far-away land of Palestine, not far from Bethlehem, there is, so an age-old story tells us, a spot of ground that men call the Flowering Field. In the Flowering Field there grow, and ever will grow, roses white and roses red. And the rose bushes there are the first rose bushes that the world ever saw. And the story of them is the story of how roses first came into the world.

In the long ago a beautiful girl, who loved God, was wrongfully condemned to be burned to death. And in a field near Bethlehem men gathered a great mass of thorn bushes, in the midst of which they were to put the maid to be burned. Then they led her, in her fair white robe, out from the city toward

the field. But as they went, she prayed to God and said, "Lord, thou knowest my innocence. Show it, oh, show it before the face of men." Meanwhile they led her on to the field.

Then they bound the maiden to a stake in the midst of the thorn bushes. One of the men lighted them with fire. The thorns crackled in the flames. Men and women mocked the girl as the hungry flames rose higher. The fire reached the bottom of her fair white robe; suddenly it went out, and there was not even smoke. Instantly the dry thorn bushes became living plants, and upon them roses bloomed. Every bush that the fire had touched bore red roses, and every unburnt bush bore white roses. So it was that the maiden stood no longer in the flames, but in a garden of the fairest flowers that man shall ever see. Thus was the maiden proved innocent, and thus grew the first roses that were ever in the world.—*Nelson Antrim Crawford.*

NOTES

1. *Sir John Mandeville*, or *Maundevile*. Formerly supposed to have been a knight who in the fourteenth century actually visited the many foreign countries about which "The Voiage and Travaile" tells. This book, which was very popular in its day, is full of strange stories and stranger descriptions. It is now thought to have been written, not by a knight named Mandeville, but by Jean de Bourgogne, a French physician.
2. *Palestine*. Well known as the Holy Land of the Hebrews.
3. *Bethlehem*. The birthplace of the Christ—near Jerusalem.
4. Look up the meanings of the following expressions: age-old story, wrongfully, condemned, innocence, crackled, mocked, instantly, touched, unburnt bush.

EXERCISES

1. Just what interesting point is explained in the story?
2. Where is the scene of this story laid?
3. What had this beautiful girl done to merit death?
4. What prayer did she utter? What does this tell of her?
5. How was she treated?
6. What strange thing happened? Explain "There was not even smoke."
7. What happened to the dry thorn bushes?
8. Explain the origin of red roses? Of white roses?
9. What did the blooming of the roses prove to the people?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOLMES: Chambered Nautilus.

ROCHE: The Water Lily.

BUTTS: Water Lilies.

WORDSWORTH: Daffodils, To the Daisy.

LONGFELLOW: Flowers.

FRENEAU: The Wild Honeysuckle, The Fading Rose.

HERRICK: To Daffodils.

CHENEY: Weeds and Flowers.

SYDNEY DOBELL: The Procession of the Flowers.

BURNS: To a Mountain Daisy.

SAVAGE: Beauty in Common Things.

HIGGINSON: Four-Leaf Clover.

HANS ANDERSEN: The Rose Elf, A Rose from Homer's Grave.

MADGE A. BIGHAM: Fanciful Flower Tales.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON: The Heart of a Rose.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

IT is a hard matter to pick the best boy from a number who apply for a position. Business men, and others who have had experience with people, soon learn the marks of a successful boy. They soon learn that almost any boy can bring strong letters of recommendation from friends, but that too few boys carry with them the unmistakable marks of success. The following story is valuable in showing just what kind of boy is most in demand. This incident actually happened in the experience of a merchant who had to know just how to get the best boy out of fifty who applied for a position.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number, he in a short time chose one and sent all the others away.

“I should like to know,” said a friend, “on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him.”

“You are mistaken,” said the gentleman, “he had a great number.

“He wiped his feet when he came in and closed

the door after him, showing that he was orderly and tidy. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite.

“He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the others stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful. And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.

“When I talked with him, I noticed that his hair was in nice order, his clothes were carefully brushed, and his teeth were white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket.

“Don’t you call these letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell you about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me.”

NOTES

1. Bring in some “Want Ads” in which boys, girls, men, or women are wanted to fill responsible positions. Write a letter answering one of the advertisements.
2. Be prepared to pronounce and define correctly the following words: advertised, recommendation, instantly, respectfully, purposely, modest, noticed, observed, jet, handsome, shoved.

EXERCISES

1. How successful was this gentleman in advertising for a boy?
2. How long did it take him to select the boy he wanted?
3. Why did he risk choosing a boy without a letter of recommendation?
4. How many points really recommended the boy?
5. What other points can you tell about a boy by using your eyes for ten minutes?
6. Write out a brief advertisement for a boy or girl you would wish to employ in any line of work.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SMILES: *Character, Duty.*

LORIMER: *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.*

LADY CAREW: *True Greatness.*

MACKAY: *The Miller of the Dee.*

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Out on the breeze,
O'er land and seas,
A beautiful banner is streaming.
Shining its stars,
Splendid its bars,
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.

Over the brave
Long may it wave,
Peace to the world ever bringing.
While to the stars,
Linked with the bars,
Hearts will forever be singing.

— *Lydia Coonley Ward.*

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

THIS poem, based upon a heroic incident of the Revolutionary War, was written in 1860 and published in 1863 as the Landlord's Tale in Tales of a Wayside Inn. These tales were supposed to have been told by a group of friends around the hearthstone of the old Red Horse Inn at Sudbury, Massachusetts. It was written in the opening days of the Civil War, but was based on the earlier incident described. American patriots flocked from every side to resist tyranny and oppression. The British troops were quartered in Boston; the patriots were collecting stores and ammunition and mustering minute men to offer armed resistance to the threatened tyranny. The situation became so critical that at last the British commander gave his troops orders to march on Lexington and Concord, (1) to capture the patriot leaders, Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington, (2) to capture the ammunition and provisions collected at Concord, and (3) so to overawe the colonists by this display of military force that further resistance would be discouraged. The British troops were watched closely, and their first movements on Lexington and Concord

were heralded throughout the surrounding country by swift, patriot horsemen, among whom Paul Revere was one of the most celebrated.

If the teacher places a simple sketch of the situation on the board, has her pupils copy, then



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PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

has them read the poem, following carefully the sketch, the points otherwise obscure are made plain. When it is recalled that this poem, though based on an incident of the Revolution (Memorial History of Boston, III, p. 101), was written ostensibly to stir into vigorous life the

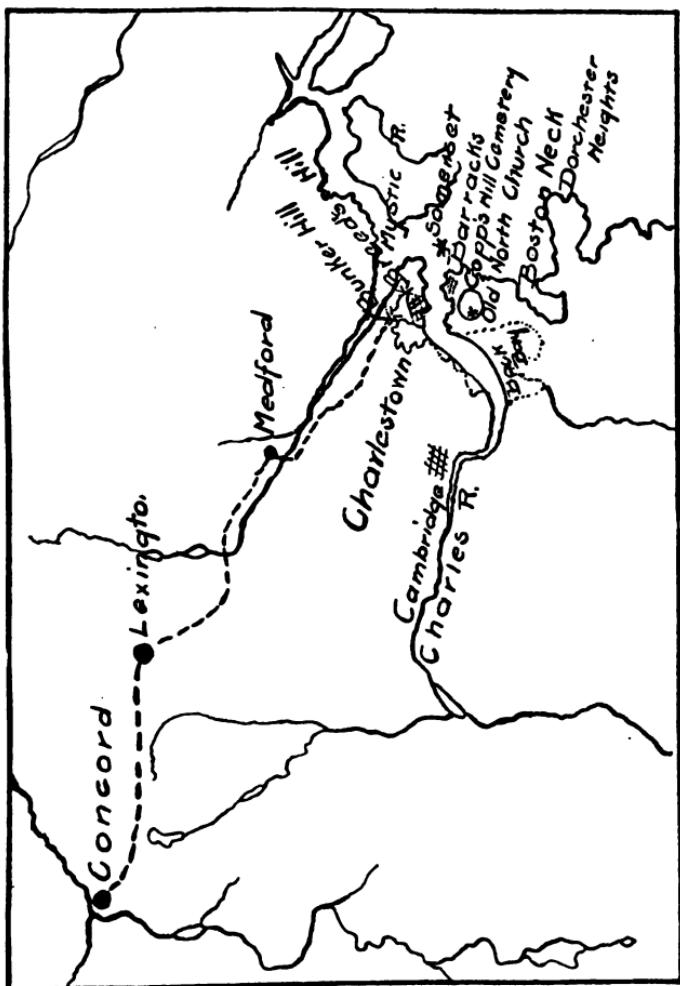
slumbering spirit of patriotism in the hearts of men when Lincoln was calling for volunteers, the message of higher patriotism is clear to every reader.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.



BOSTON AND VICINITY—SHOWING COURSE OF PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barracks door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent

On the shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near;
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and
the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.
It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

NOTES

1. Locate on the sketch-map all places mentioned in the poem.
2. *Middlesex*. The county of Massachusetts in which Boston is located.
3. “*One if by land, two if by sea.*” If the troops marched by way of Boston Neck and crossed the Charles River by the bridge just opposite Cambridge, it would be said that they went “by land.” If they rowed directly across from the barracks to Charlestown, it would be said that they went “by sea.”

4. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: belfry, muffled oar, moorings, phantom ship, barracks, grenadiers, sombre, impatient, booted and spurred, impetuous, spectral, tranquil, red-coats, emerge.

EXERCISES

1. Sketch briefly the events leading to the story of the poem.
2. Study the map until you can make your own map from memory and locate the important places.
3. When and under what circumstances was the poem written?
4. Why should the British march on Lexington and Concord?
5. Explain "by land or sea."
6. From whose point of view is the Somerset described?
7. What sights and sounds came to "the friend"?
8. Describe Paul Revere as he waited.
9. What signal caused him to start?
10. Explain "the fate of a nation was riding that night."
11. Explain fully the next two lines.
12. Upon your map trace the course of the ride as you read.
13. If "you know the rest," why tell what is in stanza 13?
14. What was the "word that shall echo forevermore"?
15. In what sense are the last six lines true?
16. Then what is the deeper purpose and message of the poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Any good histories of the time.

PIERPONT: Warren's Address at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

SCOTT: Patriotism.

WHITTIER: Abraham Davenport.

LOWELL: Centennial Hymn.

SIMS: Battle of King's Mountain.

GIBBONS: We are Coming, Father Abraham.

BRYANT: Our Country's Call.

READ: Our Defenders, The Rising in 1776.

WALLACE: The Sword of Bunker Hill.

TILTON: The Great Bell Roland.

PROCTOR: A Legend of Bregenz.

SMITH: Patriot Songs of Patriot Sires.

MONTGOMERY: My Country.

A. H. EVERETT: The Battle of Bunker Hill.

BRYANT: Seventy-six.

BANCROFT: History of the United States, Battles of Lexington and Concord.

PATRICK HENRY: A Call to Arms.

McMASTER: The Old Continentals.

ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS: A Song for Lexington.

EMERSON: Concord.

HAWTHORNE: The Gray Champion.

BROWNING: How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

THE DREAM OF HOME

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?

Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when evening's star
Smiles o'er the wave?— to dream of home.

Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come,
His heart's best joy, where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

— *Thomas Moore.*

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

EVERY one should know by heart this peerless address, and should seek to appreciate its wonderful power. Lowell said of Lincoln, "He is so eminently a representative man, that, when he speaks, it seems as if the people were listening to their own thinking aloud." The address is now lettered on bronze tablets and placed in public buildings throughout the country.

On the nineteenth of November, 1863, a great crowd of people had gathered on the battle-field of Gettysburg. It was the day for dedicating the Soldiers' Monument in memory of those heroic souls who, but four months before, had offered up their lives for their country. New England's most polished orator, Edward Everett, delivered the address of the day. For two hours, the eloquent Everett held the vast assemblage spellbound. Round after round of applause followed his brilliant flights of oratory. After the applause for Everett had died away, Abraham Lincoln, then president of the United States, was introduced. His tall, gaunt figure and thin voice were in striking contrast with the majestic presence and matchless eloquence of

Everett. For a moment, the crowd showed signs of restlessness, then, caught by his earnestness, they became so deeply impressed that, as he took his seat, no sound of applause broke the sacred silence.

When Lincoln congratulated Everett upon the oration of the day, Everett grasped Lincoln's hand and said, "Mr. President, I should flatter myself if I had come as near the central thought of this occasion in two hours as you have in two minutes."

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power

to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

NOTES

1. Read Mary R. S. Andrews' "The Perfect Tribute." This is the most popular piece of Lincoln fiction published.
2. Learn this address *by heart*.
3. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: conceived in liberty, dedicated, consecrate, hallow, detract, increased devotion, last full measure of devotion, new birth of freedom.

EXERCISES

1. Under what circumstances was this address given?
2. How was this nation conceived and dedicated?
3. What does Lincoln regard as the central purpose of the war?
4. What is the purpose of this great gathering?
5. Explain fully the meanings of "dedicate," "consecrate," "hallow," as here used.
6. In what sense was the field already *consecrated*?
7. Explain "last full measure of devotion."
8. What unfinished work remained for the living?

9. Explain "of the people, by the people, for the people."
10. Why do you think this is one of America's greatest orations?
11. Bring to class other matters of interest concerning Lincoln.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MARY ANDREWS: The Perfect Tribute.

EVERETT: Gettysburg Address.

RILEY: The Silent Victors.

CLOUGH: Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth.

PAINE: The New Memorial Day.

CARLETON: Cover Them Over.

WHITMAN: O Captain! My Captain!

SEWARD: The Irrepressible Conflict.

BROOKS: Character of Abraham Lincoln.

HENRY WATTERSON: Abraham Lincoln.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE THREE GRACES

IN ancient times the Graces were personifications of grace and beauty. They were goddesses who added to refinement and gentleness of life. They were described for the most part as being in the service of the gods. They lent their grace and beauty to everything that delights and elevates. Their names were Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia.

Edmund Spenser described the work of the Graces thus:

“These three on men all gracious gifts bestow
Which deck the body or adorn the mind.”

These were the Graces known in the history and mythology of the Greek people. Paul, the great teacher in early Christian times, wrote a letter to the Greeks at Corinth in which he told the Greeks of the three Christian Graces. The following extract from Paul’s letter urges the Greeks to adopt the Christian Graces, Faith, Hope, and Love. From that day to this the world has regarded the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians as one of the greatest love chapters in literature.

THE THREE GRACES

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.—1 Cor. xiii. 1-13.

NOTES

1. Look up the life of St. Paul.
2. Be prepared to tell what you can of the three Graces in Greek history.
3. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: sounding brass, tinkling cymbal, prophecy, mysteries, profiteth, bestow, envieth, vaunteth, unseemly, iniquity.

EXERCISES

1. Explain the meaning of the first sentence. For what do *sounding brass* and *tinkling cymbal* stand?
2. Why would not the gift of prophecy, all knowledge, and faith be of profit even without love?
3. Explain fully the meaning of the third proposition.
4. What are the attributes of love as shown in this chapter?
5. Explain "We know in part."
6. What is the meaning of "when that which is perfect is come"?
7. Explain "We see through a glass, darkly."
8. What power enables one to make this great growth?
9. What are the three Christian Graces?
10. Why is love said to be the greatest of these?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MORRIS: My Mother's Bible.

GRIMKE: The Bible the Best of Classics.

GAYLEY: Classic Myths, pp. 86-7.

DRUMMOND: Addresses—The Greatest Thing in the World.

FERGUSSON: A Mother's Gift.

BUNYAN: Pilgrim's Progress.

HIGGINSON: Four-Leaf Clovers.

LANIER: Power of Prayer.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

EVERY child has wondered at the clouds, the sky, and the stars. All these to him are great and wonderful, but to the child, God is even greater. In his dreams the child wonders what God is like. He knows that God can do everything, and is everywhere.

It has remained for this author to give us a beautiful explanation of the tenderness and sweetness of God's love. The author makes her explanation of what God is like easy for us to understand when she compares God's love to a mother's love.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

They say that God lives very high!

But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold,
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face —
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night; and said
“Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?”
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

NOTES

1. Read Paul's discussion of "The Unknown God" in Acts xvii. 22-34.
2. *Fold of heaven and earth.* A beautiful way of saying that God is all and in all.
3. *For love.* Because of love.
4. *Slides down by thrills.* Indicates the sympathetic omnipresence of God. See Note 2.
5. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following: fold of heaven and earth, secrets, embrace, slides down by thrills, tender, pressure, guesser.

EXERCISES

1. What is your answer to the question in the first stanza?
2. Why is God not seen in the gold in the depths of mines?
3. Explain "from him all that's glory shines."
4. What meaning in "He wears a fold of heaven and earth across his face"?
5. Explain the fourth stanza.
6. How does the author finally make us see the child's thought of God?
7. How much interest does the average mother have in the sleeping child?
8. How nearly safe is the sleeping child under its mother's care?
9. In what larger sense is God's care extended to his children?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

FIELDS: The Captain's Daughter.
WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness.
MRS. BROWNING: The Sleep.
TENNYSON: Crossing the Bar.
BROWNING: The Guardian Angel.
MARKHAM: A Prayer.
"We Thank Thee."
MRS. HEMANS: The Hour of Prayer.
HOLMES: Chambered Nautilus.
TENNYSON: Flower in the Crannied Wall.
LONGFELLOW: The Legend Beautiful.

MY NATIVE LAND

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own — my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

THE STORY OF KING MIDAS

BACCHUS, the Greek god of wine, was revered as a promoter of civilization, as a lawgiver, and as a lover of peace. On a certain occasion he found his schoolmaster and foster father, Silenus, missing. The old man had been drinking and had wandered away and was found by some peasants who carried him to their king, Midas. King Midas recognized the old schoolmaster and treated him hospitably, entertaining him royally for ten days and nights. On the eleventh day he brought Silenus back and restored him in safety to his people.

In return for his kindness, the god Bacchus offered to reward Midas with whatever he might wish. Midas asked that whatever he might touch should be changed into gold. Bacchus granted the request, though sorry Midas had not made a better choice. The following story tells the legend of King Midas with his first glow of enthusiasm over his new found-power, of his later repentance, and of how the god Bacchus restored the King.

THE STORY OF KING MIDAS

It happened once upon a time in the days when other things besides men and animals were said to live upon the earth, that a certain king, Midas, did a kindness to one who was employed as a servant by the gods of the vineyards and cornfields. This god, hearing of it, said to King Midas, "Ask any gift you choose; it shall be yours."

"Grant me," said Midas, "that everything I touch shall turn to gold."

"It is a fool's wish," said the god, "but so be it. Everything you touch shall turn to gold."

King Midas was very happy. He would now be the richest king in the world. He opened his palace door, and lo! the door became gold. He touched the vines and they were golden leaves and flowers. He touched the fruit and it was carved in gold.

He went from room to room touching everything, till his house was furnished in gold. He climbed upon a ladder, which turned to gold in his hands, and touched every brick and stone in his palace till all was pure gold. His cooks boiled water in golden kettles, and swept away golden dust with golden brooms.

He sat down to dinner in a golden chair, his garments of spun gold, and his plate of solid gold, and the table linen cloth-of-gold.

With delight at the richness of his house and the riches he was yet to gather, Midas helped himself from the golden dish before him. But suddenly

his teeth touched something hard, harder than bone. Had the cook put stones in his food? It was nothing of the kind. Alas! his very food, as soon as it touched his lips, turned to solid gold.

His heart sank within him, while the meat before him mocked his hunger. Then, was the richest king in the world to starve? A horrible fear came upon him as he poured out drink into a golden cup and the cup was filled with gold. He sat in despair.

What was he to do? Of what use was all this gold, if he could not buy a crust of bread or a sip of water? The poorest plowman would now be richer than the king. Poor Midas wandered about his golden palace, the dust becoming gold under his feet, until he was all of a fever with thirst, and weak and sick with hunger.

At last, in his despair, he set out to find the god of the cornfields and vineyards again, and beg him to take back the gift of gold. By and by, when nearly starved, he found the god, who cried to him, "Ha! Midas, are you not content yet? Do you want more gold?"

"Gold!" cried Midas. "I hate the horrible word. I am starving. Make me the poorest man in the world, for I have learned that a mountain of gold is not worth a drop of dew."

"I will take back my gift," said the god. "Go," said he, "to the river Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountain head; there plunge in your head and body, and wash away your fault and its punishment."

Midas ran to the river Pactolus, near by. He

threw off his golden clothes and hurried, barefoot, over the sands of the river, and the sand, wherever his naked feet touched it, turned to gold.

When he came from the water the terrible power of the golden touch had left him. Thenceforth Midas, hating wealth and splendor, dwelt in the country, and became a worshiper of Pan, the god of the fields.

NOTES

1. *King Midas.* Look up other legends regarding King Midas.
2. *Pactolus.* A fabulous river of Greek mythology.
3. *Pan.* Pan was the god of the woods and fields, of flocks and shepherds. He dwelt in caves, wandered on the mountains and in valleys, and amused himself with the chase. He was so greatly feared in the woods at night and inspired such fright and terror that we get our word *pan-ic* from his name.
4. Look up the following words and expressions: vineyards, furnished, cloth-of-gold, horrible fear, golden palace, fever, folly, fountain head, punishment, gold creating power.

EXERCISES

1. What kindness did King Midas extend to the old schoolmaster?
2. In return what reward was given him?
3. Why did the god regret the choice of King Midas?
4. Why was King Midas now so very happy?
5. What use did he at once make of this wonderful gift?
6. When did he first begin to regret that he possessed this gift?
7. Explain "The meat before him mocked his hunger."
8. Why should he sit in despair?
9. How could the poorest plowman be richer than King Midas?
10. What remedy did he seek for his distress?
11. What questions did the god Bacchus ask him?
12. What request did King Midas now make of the god?
13. Explain "A mountain of gold is not worth a drop of dew."
14. How did the god make it possible for Midas to give back the gift?
15. What great lesson had King Midas learned?
16. If this story is a symbol of life what great truth is in it for all?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HAWTHORNE: The Golden Touch, Snow Image, The Golden Fleece.
GAYLEY: Classic Myths, p. 157. See Index.
SMEDLEY: The Discovery.
LADY CAREW: True Greatness.
KIPLING: The Peace of Dives.
BURNS: A Man's a Man For A' That.
JANE TAYLOR: Contented John.
POE: The Gold Bug.
HANS ANDERSEN: The Bronze Boar, The Red Shoes.
EMILY DICKINSON: Real Riches.
HELEN HUNT JACKSON: Ballad of the Gold Country.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of Summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

— *Thomas Moore.*

INDIAN SUMMER

“INDIAN SUMMER” is the name given to a short season of mild or warm weather late in autumn. It is characterized by an almost cloudless sky and by a smoky or hazy appearance of the atmosphere, especially near the horizon. This is the season of falling leaves, prevailing dryness, forest fires and prairie fires, and doubtless the dust and smoke add to the intensity of the Indian Summer haze. The name “Indian Summer” as at present used is of obscure American origin, and is not found in books or manuscripts until the year 1794. This period of pleasant fall weather commonly occurs late in October or during the month of November. Precisely similar weather occurs in Germany, where it is known as the “Old Woman’s Summer.” In England, the period is called “St. Martin’s Summer,” St. Martin’s Day being November the eleventh. If it occurs in October, the period is called “St. Luke’s Summer” or “The Little Summer of St. Luke.”

In the following poem, the poet has, in a most charming manner, caught the mood and meaning of the Indian Summer, with its “mild airs” and “tempered light.” He speaks of this period

as "the year's last loveliest smile," which comes to fill the heart with strength to bear the fierce winter blasts which follow.

INDIAN SUMMER

That soft autumnal time
Is come, which sheds upon the naked scene
Charms only known in this our northern clime;
Bright seasons far between.

The woodland foliage now
Is gathered by the wild November blast;
E'en the thick leaves upon the poplar bough
Are fallen to the last.

The mighty vines, that round
The forest trunks their slender branches bind,
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,
Swing naked in the wind.

Some living green remains
By the clear brook that shines along the lawn;
But the sear grass stands white along the plains,
And the bright flowers are gone.

But these, these, are thy charms:
Mild airs and tempered light upon the lea;
And the year holds no time within its arms
That doth resemble thee.

The golden moon is thine —
Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night;
And hues that in the flushed horizon shine
At eve and early light.

The year's last loveliest smile —
Thou comest to fill with hope the human heart,
And strengthen it to bear the storms awhile,
Till winter days depart.

O'er the wide plains that lie
A desolate scene, the fires of autumn spread,
And nightly on the dark walls of the sky
A ruddy brightness shed.

Far in a sheltered nook
I've met, in these calm days, a smiling flower,
A lonely aster, trembling by a brook
At quiet noon tide's hour.

And something told my mind
That, should old age to childhood bring me back,
Some sunny days and flowers I still might find
Along life's weary track.

— *John Howard Bryant.*

NOTES

1. The most complete information yet published concerning the Indian Summer may be found in the *Monthly Weather Review*, volume xxx, p. 19-29 and 69-79 (Washington, 1902).
2. Describe the Indian Summer as you have known it. What especially do you remember of the Indian Summer?
3. Look up other poems of autumn.
4. *Sear*. Spelled commonly *sere*.

5. Be prepared to explain fully the meanings of the following words and expressions: autumnal, naked scene, crimson foliage, living green, sear, tempered light, lea, hues, flushed horizon, desolate, ruddy brightness, sheltered nook.

EXERCISES

1. What is the Indian Summer?
2. Why is it called "The soft autumnal time"?
3. What picture is given us of the forest at this time?
4. What striking contrast in stanza 4?
5. What are the special charms of the "Indian Summer"?
6. Why does the poet speak of the "Indian Summer" as "the year's last loveliest smile"? What purpose does it serve?
7. What beautiful picture is given us in the eighth stanza?
8. Why is the lonely aster spoken of as *trembling* by the brook?
9. What was the "something" that told the poet the message?
10. Just what message did the author get from this experience?
11. What is the message of the Indian Summer as interpreted in this poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WHITTIER: The Huskers, Indian Summer.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON: October.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK: Autumn's Mirth.

JOHN KEATS: Autumn.

DINAH CRAIK MULOCK: October.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK: Autumn Haze.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD: Indian Summer.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN: A Still Day in Autumn, A Day of the Indian Summer.

JONES VERY: October.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: The Death of the Flowers, To the Fringed Gentian.

ALICE CARY: Faded Leaves.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS: A November Good-Night.

J. HAZARD HARTZELL: Autumn is Ended.

TABB: Indian Summer.

RILEY: When the Frost is on the Punkin.

STODDARD: November.

CLEAVELAND: November.

WHITEWASHING THE FENCE

IN the following extract from Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," Tom is in real trouble. He wants most of all to go swimming with the boys, but he must whitewash the front fence — "thirty yards of board fence nine feet high," because he had offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly. At first Tom fears the ridicule of the boys, and even gets out his toys, marbles, and trash, but this he knows will not buy off the boys. Finally a great inspiration comes to him. How this inspiration helped him to get the fence whitewashed is here told:

WHITEWASHING THE FENCE

He took up the brush and went tranquilly to work. One of the boys, Ben Rogers, came by with a hop-skip-and-jump, eating a large red apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was imitating a steamboat. Tom went on whitewashing — paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment, and then said: "Hi-yi! you're a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist: then he gave his brush another

gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up along-side of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said, "Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly, and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course, you'd rather work, wouldn't you? 'Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered, carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it! Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth — stepped back to note the effect — added a touch here and there — criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said: "Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

"No, no, I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this



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MARK TWAIN IN CHARACTERISTIC POSE

fence — right here on the street, you know — if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No — is that so? Oh, come now, let me just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly — well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it —"

"Oh shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now let me try. Say — I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afraid —"

"I'll give you all of it."

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents.

There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour

after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, a part of a jewsharp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar — but no dog, the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

Tom had had a nice good idle time all the while — plenty of company — and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it — namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.— "*Mark Twain.*"

NOTES

1. "*Mark Twain.*" His real name is Samuel L. Clemens, and he was one of America's best real humorists. His death occurred in April, 1910.
2. Place "Tom Sawyer" in the library, and let all the pupils read it for its wholesome fun.
3. Be prepared to pronounce and give the meanings of the following words: surveyed, ranged, contemplated, criticised, altered, reluctance, alacrity, dilapidated, bankrupted, covet.

EXERCISES

1. What is Tom's *real trouble*?
2. Why is he made to whitewash the front fence?
3. What great inspiration comes to him?
4. How did Tom make Ben anxious to whitewash the fence?
5. How far do you blame Tom for telling about Aunt Polly's refusing Jim and Sid?
6. What reward did Ben finally give Tom?
7. What effect had this on the other boys?
8. What advantages came to Tom?
9. What did he do meantime?
10. What caused the experiment to come to a close?
11. In what condition was the fence?
12. What great law of human action did Tom discover?
13. In how many ways is this Tom Sawyer trick worked on people about us?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MARK TWAIN: *Tom Sawyer, Innocents Abroad*.

HAWTHORNE: *The Great Carbuncle*.

WHITE: *Court of Boyville*.

WARNER: *Being a Boy*.

ALDRICH: *Story of a Bad Boy*.

HANS ANDERSEN: *The Naughty Boy*.

If any little word of ours
Can make one life the brighter,
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter,
God help us speak that little word,
And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely heart
To set the echoes ringing.

NATHAN HALE

AFTER the American army had retreated from Long Island in 1776, Washington asked for one of his officers to volunteer to enter the enemy's camp in order to ascertain its exact strength. Captain Nathan Hale, then only twenty-one years of age, at once offered his services for this perilous undertaking. He entered the British camp disguised as a New England schoolmaster and made notes, in Latin, of the numbers, fortifications, arms and supplies of the enemy. On returning through the lines, he was captured and was sentenced by Sir William Howe, the British commander-in-chief, to be hanged as an American spy.

The closing scene in this tragedy of patriotism is eloquently told by Charles Dudley Warner in his address at Hartford, Connecticut, at the unveiling of the Hale Statue, June 16, 1887:

“It was on a lovely Sunday morning, September 22d, before the break of day, that he was marched to the place of execution. While awaiting the necessary preparations, a courageous young British officer permitted him to sit in his tent. He asked for the presence of a chaplain; his request was refused. He asked for a

Bible; it was denied. But at the solicitation of the young officer, he was furnished with writing materials, and wrote briefly to his mother, his



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

NATHAN HALE STATUE IN CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK CITY

sister, and his betrothed. When the infamous Cunningham, to whom Howe had delivered him, read what was written, he was furious at the noble and dauntless spirit shown, and with foul oaths tore the letter into shreds, saying after-

wards that 'the rebels should never know that they had a man who could die with such firmness.' As Hale stood upon the fatal ladder, Cunningham taunted him, and scoffingly demanded 'his last dying speech and confession.' The hero did not heed the words of the brute, but looking calmly on the spectators, said in a clear voice, '*I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.*' "

It has been well said that "those winged last words were worth ten thousand men to the drooping American army," and that "all human annals do not parallel them in simple patriotism."

NATHAN HALE

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;

And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance;—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found:
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
 But one life for Liberty:
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
 They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
 A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
 A soldier's battle cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
 From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
 His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
 The name of HALE shall burn!

— *Francis M. Finch.*

NOTES

1. Look up the life of Nathan Hale. Read the account of this incident in any good history.
2. Compare Nathan Hale with Benedict Arnold.
3. *Briton's camp.* The camp of the British troops.
4. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: armed sentry, lamp, tented line, gaunt, plumed wave, emerald expanse, falcon-eyed, doom, tree, mourns, urn.

EXERCISES

1. Tell briefly the story upon which this poem is founded.
2. Just what was Hale's rank and education?

3. Explain the meaning of the word "soldier" in the second line.
4. Why is there "color in his cheek"?
5. What is the meaning of the last two lines of the fourth stanza?
6. Why is he called both "spy" and "patriot" in the fifth stanza?
7. What was his "doom"? How are captured spies treated in war?
8. Why should the guards deny him the Bible?
9. Explain "He walks where Christ hath trod."
10. Why should the British burn his last letter?
11. What are his last words? Why called "a soldier's battle cry"?
12. In what sense were they worth ten thousand soldiers to the American army?
13. Explain "Fame-leaf" and "Angel-leaf."
14. Who are "the sad of earth"? "The glad of heaven"?
15. Explain the last two lines of the poem.
16. From this study, what is the real message of Hale's life and death?
17. Why has it been said that all human annals do not parallel the last words of Hale in simple patriotism?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LOUISA M. ALCOTT: Tabby's Table Cloth in *Spinning Wheel Stories*.
HOLMES: *Grandmother's Story of the Battle of Bunker Hill*.
EMERSON: *Concord Hymn*.
BROWNING: *Incident of a French Camp*.
PATRICK HENRY: *A Call to Arms*.
LONGFELLOW: *Paul Revere's Ride*.
WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE: *Nathan Hale*.
BROWNING: *The Patriot*.
GILDER: *The Celestial Passion*.
HAWTHORNE: *Howe's Masquerade*.

WANTED

The man who is strong to fight his fight,
And whose will no front can daunt,
If the truth be truth, and the right be right,
Is the man that the ages want.

— *Paul Laurence Dunbar*.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

IT is easy for a person to think that he has the hardest time of all the people in the world. It is easy for him to imagine that others are living lives of ease and pleasure while he has but labor and pain. As a matter of fact, each one of us in life soon reaches the time when he is obliged to decide what his course in life will be. It may not be that he is actually stopped by the fair ladies, **Labor** and **Pleasure**, and given a choice as was given the Hercules of this story, but it is true that every individual has to make a choice for himself. As a boy enters upon life's responsibility he likes to think that he has the power of choice; that he can choose the difficult road that will lead to final success in life, rather than choose the road of temporary pleasure which in the end will bring him to grief.

The following story is adapted from an old Greek legend which tells how the young Hercules made the better choice, and how as a result his life was a success. The central thought of his life is given in the words of the grown Hercules to the Giant:

The soul of man can never be enslaved
Save by its own infirmities, nor freed

Save by its very strength and own resolve
And constant vision and supreme endeavor!

FROM *Heracles*, A DRAMA BY LODGE.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

One morning when Hercules was a fair-faced lad of twelve years, he was sent out to do an errand which he disliked very much. As he walked slowly along the road, his heart was full of bitter thoughts; and he murmured because others no better than himself were living in ease and pleasure, while for him there was little but labor and pain. Thinking upon those things, he came after a while to a place where two roads met; and he stopped, not quite certain which one to take.

The road on his right was hilly and rough, and there was no beauty in it or about it; but he saw that it led straight toward the blue mountains in the far distance. The road on his left was broad and smooth, with shade trees on either side, where sang thousands of beautiful birds; and it went winding in and out, through groves and green meadows, where bloomed countless flowers; but it ended in fog and mist long before reaching the wonderful mountains of blue.

While the lad stood in doubt as to which way he should go, he saw two ladies coming toward him, each by a different road. The one who came down the flowery way reached him first, and Hercules saw that she was beautiful as a summer day. Her

cheeks were red, her eyes sparkled, her voice was like the music of morning.

“O noble youth,” she said, “this is the road which you should choose. It will lead you into pleasant ways where there is neither toil, nor hard study, nor drudgery of any kind. Your ears shall always be delighted with sweet sounds, and your eyes with things beautiful and gay; and you need do nothing but play and enjoy the hours as they pass.”

By this time the other fair woman had drawn near, and she now spoke to the lad.

“If you take my road,” said she, “you will find that it is rocky and rough, and that it climbs many a hill and descends into many a valley and quagmire. The views which you will sometimes get from the hilltops are grand and glorious, while the deep valleys are dark and the uphill ways are toilsome; but the road leads to the blue mountains of endless fame, of which you can see a faint glimpse far away. They cannot be reached without labor; for, in fact, there is nothing worth having that must not be won through toil. If you would have fruits and flowers, you must plant and care for them; if you would gain the love of your fellow-men, you must love them and suffer for them; if you would be a man, you must make yourself strong by the doing of manly deeds.”

Then the boy saw that this lady, although her face seemed at first very plain, was as beautiful as the dawn, or as the flowery fields after a summer rain.

“What is your name?” he asked.

"Some call me Labor," she answered, "but others know me as Truth."

"And what is your name?" he asked, turning to the first lady.

"Some call me Pleasure," said she with a smile; "but I choose to be known as the Joyous One."

"And what can you promise me at the end if I go with you?"

"I promise nothing at the end. What I give, I give at the beginning."

"Labor," said Hercules, "I will follow your road. I want to be strong and manly and worthy of the love of my fellows. And whether I shall ever reach the blue mountains or not, I want to have the reward of knowing that my journey has not been without some worthy aim."

NOTES

1. Read the story of Hercules. Look up the twelve labors of Hercules. See Gayley's *Classic Myths*.
2. Look up the following words and expressions: murmured, countless, drudgery, quagmire, glories, endless fame, faint glimpse, reward, journey, worthy aim.

EXERCISES

1. How old was the young Hercules when this incident occurred?
2. Why do you think his heart was full of bitter thoughts?
3. What two roads opened to him?
4. What persons did he meet?
5. What did each person offer?
6. Which road did he choose?
7. What reason did he give for his choice?
8. What reward was promised at the end of each road?

9. In what sense is every boy a "young Hercules" in the matter of the choice of his life work?
10. How many reasons are there for choosing the way of hard study and drudgery?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GILDER: The Parting of the Ways.

GAYLEY: Classic Myths, See Index.

KIPLING: Hymn Before Action, The Recessional.

WHITTIER: Centennial Hymn.

RUSKIN: Dawn of Peace.

LILLIAN HYDE: The Labors of Hercules.

KINGSLEY: Greek Heroes.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. Never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils that never happened have cost us.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

NOTHING is more discouraging than to plant something that does not grow. When drouth, or famine, or pestilence come, and men cannot reap what they sow they lose heart and are ready to quit trying; but when bountiful harvests follow the time of planting and sowing, all hearts rejoice. With such a spirit of uplift the poet here tells us of a planting which carries with it a larger vision of future harvest. He is planting, not a seed which will yield its harvest but once, but a tree which will give shade and shelter, flower and fruit, for many seasons.

“Heaven and Earth help him who plants a tree
And his work its own reward shall be.”

And

“A Nation’s growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.”

The following poem is one of the best poetic interpretations of a planting that bears fruit each year.

Lucy Larcom says that he who plants a tree, plants hope, and joy, and peace, and youth, and love. Somehow the poets have always regarded the tree as a symbol of human life, which to fulfill itself must constantly bear fruits of kindness, helpfulness, and love.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE¹

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

¹ Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
The winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the lime,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree,
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,

And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

“Who planted this old apple tree?”
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

“A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
‘Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree.”

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

NOTES

1. Read something of the life of J. Sterling Morton, father of Arbor Day. Tell of any trees you know planted on Arbor Day.
2. *Cintra*. A town in Portugal once famous for its luscious grapes and excellent wine.

3. *The line.* The equator.
4. Be prepared to pronounce, spell, and give meaning of: cleave, greensward, lea, fragrance, sprigs, betrays, quivering, sojourners, tenderly, hearth, oppress, roseate, maze, verdurous, quaint.

EXERCISES

1. With what painstaking care does the poet desire the tree to be planted?
2. Why treat this tree as tenderly as an infant?
3. Why does he open each of the next three stanzas with the same question?
4. What answer is given to the question in stanza two?
5. Just how can one plant buds, boughs, shadows, and shelter when he plants an apple tree?
6. What additional answers are given in the next stanza? In stanza 4?
7. What, in fancy, does the poet think will become of the fruit of the tree?
8. What will show the fine quality of the fruitage?
9. Explain "a broader flush of roseate bloom," "a deeper maze of verdurous gloom."
10. When shall we hear no longer "The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh, in the boughs of the apple tree"?
11. Explain "Time shall waste this apple tree."
12. What will "thin shadows" indicate?
13. What feeling for humanity is shown by the poet in stanza 8?
14. With what modest personal touch does the poem close?
15. Why is it a great thing to plant an apple tree?
16. In what way does a tree make one think of human life?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

ABBEY: What do We Plant When We Plant the Tree?

LARCOM: Plant a Tree.

MORRIS: Woodman, Spare That Tree.

HILL: The Oak.

BUNNER: The Heart of the Tree.

GILDER: The Comfort of the Trees.

THOMAS: Talking in Their Sleep.

BJÖRNSEN: The Tree.

CHORLEY: The Brave Old Oak.

ROSETTI: Symbols.

HENRY ABBEY: When We Plant a Tree.

WILLIAM WESLEY MARTIN: Apple Blossoms.

ANDERSEN: The Conceited Apple-Branch.

WE SHOULD SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest toward making
life worth while,

That costs the least and does the most, is just a
pleasant smile —

The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves
its fellow-men

Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the
sun again.

It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly
kindness blent;

It's worth a million dollars and doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery
smile.

It always has the same good look — it's never out
of style.

It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us
blue —

Such dimples of encouragement are good for me
and you.

So smile away; folks understand what by a smile
is meant —

It's worth a million dollars and doesn't cost a cent.

— *Anonymous.*

THE LOST CAMEL

MANY of us have "eyes that see not." Even when we see things about us, we often fail to do any clear thinking about the things observed. The following tale has all the charm and interest of a first-class detective story. The detective must observe closely. He must be able to draw the proper inferences from facts observed. In this story, a dervish meets two merchants who have lost their camel. The dervish not only tells them what they have lost, but describes the animal so accurately that they cannot believe that he had not seen the camel. They instantly seize him and take him before a magistrate. When the dervish was taken before the judge and accused of having stolen the camel, he explained just how he had drawn such careful conclusions. At the close of the trial the judge pronounced the dervish not guilty. The following story explains how the dervish cleared himself to the satisfaction of both judge and accusers:

THE LOST CAMEL

SCENE I. IN THE DESERT

Persons: Two Merchants; A Dervish.

DERVISH. Good day, my friends. You seem to be much worried about something.

FIRST MERCHANT. Indeed, we are greatly troubled, most holy man!

DERVISH. I think I can tell you what the matter is. You have lost a camel.

MERCHANTS. We have! we have!

DERVISH. Your camel was blind in the right eye, I believe.

SECOND MERCHANT. He was. You saw him?

DERVISH. And he was lame in the left fore leg.

FIRST MERCHANT. Yes, yes! You are right! *(To companion.)* We have found our beast at last!

DERVISH. Had he not lost a front tooth?

FIRST MERCHANT. He had. Where is he?

DERVISH. He was loaded with wheat on one side —

MERCHANTS. True, O dervish. Show us our beast.

DERVISH. And with honey on the other side.

FIRST MERCHANT. Most certainly he was!

SECOND MERCHANT. And now, good dervish, pray lead us to our camel. We are grateful to you!

FIRST MERCHANT. How glad we are you have found him!

MERCHANTS (*with outstretched hands*). Accept our best thanks!

DERVISH. My friends, I have never seen your camel.

MERCHANTS (*looking at each other in consternation*). Never seen our camel!

FIRST MERCHANT. Then how do you know so much about him?

SECOND MERCHANT. Who told you all this about him?

DERVISH. Upon my honor, I have never seen your camel, nor has any one spoken of him to me except yourselves.

FIRST MERCHANT (*with contempt*). A pretty story, truly! But where are the jewels that formed part of his burden?

DERVISH. I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels.

SECOND MERCHANT (*to companion quietly*). He means to rob us of our treasure!

FIRST MERCHANT. That he shall never do. We will take him before the judge and demand justice.

SECOND MERCHANT (*louder so Dervish can hear*). Yes, let us drag him before the judge. He shall either return to us our treasure or be punished for its theft. Come with us, O dervish, and you shall be punished for this! (*Merchants arrest the Dervish.*)

SCENE II. A HALL OF JUSTICE

Persons: *The Judge; Two Merchants; The Dervish.*

JUDGE. Merchants, you bring me a strange prisoner. Of what do you accuse this holy man?

FIRST MERCHANT. O learned Judge, we accuse this man of stealing our camel.

JUDGE. Tell your story.

SECOND MERCHANT. My friend and I saved some money and invested it in jewels. These we

sought to carry to Bagdad to sell in the bazaar. That no one might suspect we carried such treasures, we loaded our camel with wheat and honey. In the wheat we hid our bag of jewels.

FIRST MERCHANT. We rested at midday under some palms by a well, and being very tired, fell asleep. When we awoke, our camel was gone. Thinking it had wandered into the desert we sought it diligently. In the desert we met this dervish. He at once informed us that we had lost a camel! He also —

SECOND MERCHANT. Yes, and he described our camel exactly. He told of his blind eye, his lame leg, and his missing tooth!

FIRST MERCHANT. He even told us that the camel was loaded with wheat and honey.

SECOND MERCHANT. And now, O Judge, have we not proved that he is the thief?

JUDGE. You certainly have shown that the dervish knows a great deal about your missing camel. Dervish, either confess that you have stolen the camel and restore it and its load to the owners at once, or explain how you know so much about the matter.

DERVISH. O learned Judge, I can easily prove that I know no more about the lost camel than any one might know by going through the desert with his eyes open. As I walked along I saw some footprints in the sand. These I knew at once were camel's tracks. As no human footmarks were seen, I knew the animal had strayed away.

JUDGE. But how did you know he was blind in one eye?

DERVISH. As the grass was cropped only on the left side of the tracks, I judged that he was blind in the right eye.

JUDGE. But you said he was lame in one leg.

DERVISH. Yes, I thought he might be, because I noticed that the mark he left in the sand with one foot was fainter than the other tracks.

JUDGE. But how could you know he had lost a tooth?

DERVISH. I looked carefully at the places he had grazed, and found everywhere a little tuft of grass, uncropped, in the very middle of every bite. This led me to believe he had lost a front tooth.

JUDGE. Very good. You have proved that you are innocent. You —

FIRST MERCHANT. Wait, wait, good Judge! There is something more to explain! How did the dervish know what load the camel carried?

DERVISH. That is easily explained. The ants, busy carrying grains of wheat from one side of the tracks, and the flies gathering on the other side, told me that the load was wheat and honey.

JUDGE. You are not guilty, dervish. You may go. — As for you merchants, if you will follow the tracks of your camel, and use your eyes as carefully as has this good dervish, I think you will soon find him.

NOTES

1. *Dervish.* A Mohammedan priest or monk who professes extreme poverty and leads an austere religious life.
2. *Merchant.* One who not only sold goods, but who shipped goods on camels from one part of the desert to the other.
3. *Bagdad.* Locate this country on the map in your geography.
4. Look up the following words: desert, jewels, treasure, prisoner, bazaar, diligently, cropped, punished, fainter, restore.

EXERCISES

1. What characters appear in this selection?
2. What is a dervish?
3. What was the first inference drawn by the dervish? What other inferences in turn were drawn by him?
4. What effect did his explanation have on the merchants?
5. What did they think when the dervish said he had never seen the camel?
6. What led the merchants to think that the dervish was a robber?
7. For what purpose did they drag him before the judge?
8. What story did the two merchants tell?
9. What addition to the story was then given by the first merchant?
10. What did the merchants feel they had proven by their stories?
11. What effect did these stories have upon the judge?
12. What did the judge then tell the dervish to do in defense?
13. From the dervish's speech, tell each fact observed, and what inference the dervish drew from it.
14. What was the verdict of the judge?
15. What advice did the judge give to the merchants?
16. What lesson in observation may we learn from this story?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

CONAN DOYLE: *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, A Study in Scarlet.*
FORD: *Great K. and A. Train Robbery.*
LOWELL: *Yussouf.*
SAXE: *The Blind Men and the Elephant.*

THE TREE

TO bear fruit is the one great work of the fruit tree. Late frosts may destroy the blossoms of the apple, the peach, and the cherry. Heavy winds may blow the fruit from the branches before it is ripe. In every case the tree has failed to complete its great work.

The poet has here given us a poem in which he interprets the anxiety of the tree to bear fruit. The Tree asks the threatening Frost to leave its buds alone, until the sweet blossoms have grown. It asks the sighing Wind to let the sweet blossoms grow, until the berries have developed. When the fruit is ripe in midsummer, it gladly says to the girl who picks the ripe berries, "all are for thee." The Tree has worked out the purpose of its life. It is glad to give its ripened fruit to those who can enjoy it.

THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.

“No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,”
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet
to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
“Shall I take them away?” said the Wind, as he
swung.

“No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,”
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl, “May I gather thy berries now?”
“Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,”
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs
low.

— *Björnstjerne Björnson.*

NOTES

1. *Björnstjerne Björnson.* One of the greatest of Scandinavian poets. His sweet poetry has beautified life, not only among his own people, but it has been translated into our own language. He was a great lover of nature, and this poem is worthy to take a place with “Woodman, Spare That Tree!” in our annual observance of Arbor Day.
2. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: trusting, sweeping, rootlet, leaflets, quivering, laden, boughs, bursting their brown, midsummer glow.

EXERCISES

1. At what stage in the growth of the tree did the Frost come?
2. What were the questions the Frost asked?

3. What request did the Tree make?
4. Why should the Tree be so anxious for these buds to develop?
5. Why did the Tree "tremble from rootlet to crown"?
6. At what stage in the Tree's growth did the Wind come?
7. What question did the Wind ask?
8. What request did the Tree make of the Wind?
9. Explain why the leaflets *hung quivering*.
10. Why did not the Tree treat the girl as it had treated the Wind and the Frost?
11. What seemed to be the greatest anxiety of the Tree?
12. What shows the satisfaction the Tree got in letting the girl pick its ripe berries?
13. If this tree were a person what kind of person would it be?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MORRIS: Woodman, Spare That Tree!

CHORLEY: The Brave Old Oak.

LARCOM: Plant a Tree.

BRYANT: The Planting of the Apple Tree, Forest Hymn.

GOETHE: The Oak.

ABBEY: What Do We Plant When We Plant the Tree?

HILL: The Oak.

BUNNER: The Heart of the Tree.

HANS ANDERSEN: The Fir Tree.

A SONG

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly He trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work — God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.

— *Robert Browning.*

THE HUMBUG

STUDENTS in college always like to play clever tricks on their professors. Probably no kinder professor ever lived than Louis Agassiz, who occupied at the time of this incident the chair of natural history in the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University. His enthusiasm, eloquence, clearness, and sympathy made him a powerful teacher in the class-room. So skillful was he in the study of natural history that it was rumored among his younger students, that no one could bring him a single specimen that he could not at once name and classify. The following incident tells of the way in which some mischievous students attempted to test his skill.

THE HUMBUG

Lay aside all conceit. Learn to read the book of nature for yourself. —
AGASSIZ.

It is said that Professor Louis Agassiz, the great teacher of natural history, was so wise that if but one bone of a bird were given to him, he could at once name the kind to which it had belonged. It was the same with fishes; and he knew insects equally well.

To test his skill, the young men of his classes used

to search far and wide for curious specimens for him to name and classify.

At last, the first day of April was near at hand. The young men thought they would play a huge joke upon their famous teacher, who was as sweet natured as he was wise.

Accordingly, they worked long and faithfully to build up a large, strange insect. On the morning of April first it was finished, and they took it to the class-room. Placing it upon the desk of the great Agassiz, they asked him to classify it.

"What kind of a bug is it, Professor?" asked the leader of the jokers.

Their teacher gave one glance at the curious specimen, and a twinkle came into the kindly eyes. Looking smilingly into the faces of the group before him, replied:

"It is nothing uncommon, gentlemen; nothing in the least strange. It is a humbug, only a humbug; common enough, and quite harmless, gentlemen."

The tables were turned, and the jokers rushed out of the room to have a good laugh over Agassiz's quick wit.

NOTES

1. Look up carefully the life work of Louis Agassiz.
2. Report on some of the cleverest tricks you have seen children play on April first.
3. Look up the following words and expressions: natural history, curious specimen, tables were turned, quick witted.

EXERCISES

1. What shows the ability of Agassiz as a teacher of natural history?
2. How did his students plan to test his skill?
3. Why should they select the first day of April for this special test?
4. What special test did they now make?
5. Why did not the professor become angry at the trick?
6. What was his final answer?
7. Would it not have been better for him to have scolded the students or to have expelled them from class? Explain.
8. From this incident what are we told concerning the greatness of Agassiz?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

TROWBRIDGE: *The Little Master.*
EGGLESTON: *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*
HUGHES: *Tom Brown's School Days.*
ARNOLD: *The Jolly Old Pedagogue.*
HOLMES: *The Boys.*
MORRIS: *We were Boys Together.*
RALPH HOYT: *Old.*
BONAR: *The Master's Touch, Be True.*

SKY-BORN MUSIC

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still.
It is not only in the rose,
 It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
 Nor in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things, —
There always, always something sings.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

WHAT one of us has not read with delight the charming story of The Sleeping Beauty? This story is one of the general household tales collected by the Grimm brothers and first published a hundred years ago. It is one of many explanations of the unlucky number thirteen, and doubtless contributed much to emphasize our suspicious fear of inviting thirteen guests, or of being one of thirteen in any gathering. The revenge of the thirteenth guest and just how a brave young man awakened the sleeping princess are here told.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

In times past there lived a king and a queen who said every day of their lives, "Would that we had a child!" and yet they had none. But once when the queen was sitting in the garden, she fell asleep and had a strange dream. She dreamed that a beautiful fairy came to her and said, "Your wish shall be fulfilled; before a great while, a child will bless your home."

It happened just as she had dreamed; for soon a baby girl was born who was so beautiful that the king could not contain his joy, and he ordained a

great feast. To this feast he invited not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be kind and favorable to the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but, as he had provided only twelve plates for them to eat from, one of them had to be left out.

However, the feast was celebrated with all splendor; and as it drew to an end, the wise women stood forward to present to the child their wonderful gifts: one bestowed virtue, one beauty, a third riches, and so on, whatever there is in the world to wish for.

And when eleven of them had said their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to revenge herself, and, without greeting or respect, she cried with a loud voice, "In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and shall fall down lifeless."

Without speaking one more word she turned away and left the hall. Every one was terrified at her words, when the twelfth wise woman came forward, for she had not yet bestowed her gift, and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, yet she could soften it; so she said, "The princess shall not die, but shall fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

Now, the king, being desirous of saving his child even from this misfortune, gave commandment that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt up. The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women; and she was so lovely, modest,

sweet, kind, and clever, that no one who saw her could help loving her.

It happened one day, she being already fifteen years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left behind alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks and corners, and into all the chambers and parlors, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow winding stair, which led to a little door with a rusty key sticking out of the lock; she turned the key, and the door opened, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, diligently spinning her flax.

"Good day, mother," said the princess. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," answered the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is that that twists round so briskly?" asked the maiden, and, taking the spindle into her hand, she began to spin; but no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled, and she pricked her fingers with it. In that very moment she fell back on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep.

And this sleep fell upon the whole castle; the king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still and slept like the rest; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting,

and the cook, who was going to pull the scullion's hair for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the vane on the roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Rosamond, for so was the princess called; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them, and, not being able to get free, there died a lamentable death.

Many a long year after there came a king's son into that country, and heard an old man tell how there should be a castle standing behind the hedge of thorns, and that there a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept for a hundred years, and with her the king and queen and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had sought to pass the thorns and had died a miserable death.

Then said the young man, "I do not fear to try; I shall see the lovely Rosamond." In vain the good old man tried to dissuade him.

For now the hundred years was at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond should be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it

was changed to a hedge of beautiful large flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him in a thick hedge. When he reached the castle yard, he saw the horses and brindled hunting dogs lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came indoors, the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had her hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck.

Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court lying asleep, and above them on their thrones slept the king and queen. And still he went farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing; and at last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and opened the door of the little room where Rosamond lay.

And when he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her, and she awoke and opened her eyes, and looked very kindly on him. And she rose, and they went forth together. Then, too, the king and queen and the whole court waked up, and gazed about with great eyes of wonderment.

And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves; the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails; the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the field; the flies on the wall crept on a little farther; the kitchen fire leaped up and blazed and cooked the meat; the joint on the spit began to roast; the cook gave the

scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the prince and Rosamond was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until the end of their lives.— *Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

NOTES

1. Read Grimm's Fairy Tales.
2. Be prepared to pronounce, spell, and give the meanings of the following words and expressions: acquaintance, celebrated, spindle, prophecy, diligently spinning, castle, vane, enchanted, brindled, scullion, terrified, spit, lamentable, splendor, wonderment, impossible.

EXERCISES

1. What wish was granted the queen by the fairy?
2. How did the king show his joy and gratitude?
3. How many wise women were there in his kingdom?
4. Why could not all be present?
5. What wonderful gifts did the wise women bestow upon the child?
6. What prophecy was uttered by the thirteenth one?
7. What effect did her words produce on those in the hall?
8. How was the prophecy of the thirteenth woman made impossible of fulfillment?
9. What precaution was taken against the fulfillment of this prophecy?
10. How was it that in spite of the king's precautions the evil prophecy was partly fulfilled?
11. What was the effect of her pricking her fingers with a spindle?
12. What consequent calamity fell on the whole castle?
13. What rumor spread abroad throughout the country?
14. What happened to the kings' sons who attempted heroically to rescue the princess?
15. What tale was told one of the kings' sons by the old man?
16. What resolution did the young man make?
17. How long had the princess been asleep at this time?
18. What scene met his eyes as he entered the castle?
19. Why did not the hedge destroy him as it did the other princes?

20. Describe the awakening of life in the castle.
21. Why should this prince be more fortunate than the others preceding him?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

MRS. HEMANS: The Sleeper.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS: A Dreaming Muse.

ROSETTI: Sleep at Sea.

ROGERS: Ginevra.

POE: The Haunted Palace.

HANS ANDERSEN: The Snow Queen.

TENNYSON: The Lady of Shalott.

IRVING: Rip Van Winkle.

ROLFE: Tales of Chivalry.

A WHOLESOME TONGUE

The tongue is the key-board of the soul; but it makes a world of difference who sits to play upon it. "Therewith bless we God, and therewith curse we men." It is sweeter than honey; it is bitterer than gall. It is balm and consolation; it is sharper than a serpent's tooth.

So there are some whose speaking is like the fall of jasper stones upon the silent river, and whose stillness follows speech as silent fish that move like dreams beneath the troubled water. It was in some such dreaming mood, methinks, old Solomon spoke, "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life." And what fruit grows thereon, he explains, when he afterwards says, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS

TWO young princes were condemned to death by the king. Each promised the king, that if his life were spared, he would bring to the king the most costly gift to be obtained. The king consented, and the two princes started out to win the costliest treasures. One of the princes was seemingly born under a lucky star. Everything he sought he secured without the least effort. A rare bird alighted on his arm, a most beautiful rose fell on his breast, and costly gems lay at his feet. The other strove manfully to keep his promise, but in spite of all his efforts, he secured nothing. His hands were torn. His feet were bruised in his effort to keep his promise to the king, but fate was against him and he secured nothing.

In due time, the princes returned to the king, the one with costly gifts, which had come without effort, the other with empty, bleeding hands. Strange as it may seem, the king accepted the fruitless but sincere effort of the one as of more value than the costly gifts of the other.

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS

They were two young princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath:
“Leave us our life and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king.”

They went together. In the dew
A charmed bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it;
Upon the other’s arm it lit.

A rose, whose faintest blush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach; ah, well,
Into the other’s breast it fell.

Weird jewels, such as the fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden’s air
And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one his fate;
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,
The other, torn and bleeding hands.

At bird, and rose, and gem, and fruit,
The king was sad, the king was mute;
At last he slowly said: "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

— *Sarah M. B. Piatt.*

NOTES

1. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words: charmed, faintest, ghostly, dragon, precious, enchanted, imperial.

EXERCISES

1. What proposition did the doomed princes make the king?
2. Why did they go together?
3. What experience did each have with the charmed bird?
4. What experience did each have with the rose?
5. Why are the jewels sought by the one spoken of as "weird jewels"?
6. Why were they sought for on "ghostly ground"?
7. What experience did each have in the garden of the enchanted fruits?
8. Explain "One took his fortune, one his fate."
9. Compare the gifts brought by these two princes.
10. Why was the king *sad and mute* at the costly offering of the one?
11. Why did he value the *scars* of the other more highly?
12. Explain fully "True treasure is not lightly won."
13. What seems to you to be the meaning of the poem?
14. To what extent should we be satisfied with fruitless toil? Does the poem mean that *trying* is better than *doing*?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

DE AMICIS: The Fight.

BEN JONSON: The Noble Nature.

COLERIDGE: The Ancient Mariner.

WHITTIER: The Lost Occasion.

BROWNING: Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.

LADY CAREW: True Greatness.

THE SOLDIER

A soldier! a soldier! I'm longing to be:
The name and the life of a soldier for me!
I would not be living at ease and at play;
True honor and glory I'd win in my day.

A soldier! a soldier! in armor arrayed;
My weapons in hand, of no contest afraid;
I'd ever be ready to strike the first blow,
And to fight my way through the ranks of the foe.

But then, let me tell you, no blood would I shed,
No victory seek o'er the dying and dead;
A far braver soldier than this would I be;
A warrior of Truth, in the ranks of the free.

A soldier! a soldier! Oh, then, let me be!
My friends, I invite you, enlist now with me.
Truth's band shall be mustered, love's foes shall
give way!
Let's up, and be clad in our battle array!

—J. G. Adams.

THE LEGEND OF INDIAN CORN

MANY years ago, the Ojibway Indians lived on the shores of Lake Superior. These Indians handed down many beautiful tales from father to son. Among these tales, none is of keener interest than that explaining how the Indians came to have "maize," or what the white man called "Indian corn" because it was first found cultivated in North America by the Indians. Since Indian corn has become so important a product, the Indian's story of the origin of corn is even more fascinating.

THE LEGEND OF INDIAN CORN

Wunzh was a young Indian boy. His father and mother lived in a beautiful country. They were kind and loving and happy in their home. The father was thankful to the Great Spirit for everything he received.

When it became time for Wunzh to fast, he went far away into the forest. Young Indian boys always fasted for several days, that they might know what kind of a spirit would be their guide through life. Wunzh was kind and gentle in disposition and a favorite with all who knew him.

His father helped him build his lodge, and then left him. The first few days he wandered through the woods and over the mountains. He examined the flowers and trees. He wondered what plants were good for food and what were poisonous. When he returned to his lodge, tired with his rambling, he thought about all he had seen. He wished he could dream of something that would benefit his father and all his people. "The Great Spirit has given us all these things, but can I not learn some way by which we may live even if we have no fish or game?" With this thought he went to sleep.

On the fourth day of his fasting he was faint and weak, and stayed in the wigwam. While lying there he fancied he saw a young man approaching. He was dressed in garments of green and yellow of many shades, and a yellow plume waved in his hair.

"I am sent to you by that Great Spirit who made all things in the sky and on the earth. He knows your desire to help your people. You do not pray for yourself, but for others. I shall show you how you may do as you desire." He told Wunzh to rise and wrestle with him, as he must overcome him. Wunzh was weak, but his heart was filled with courage, and he wrestled stoutly. At length the young man said, "This is enough for to-day; I shall come again to try you." And, smiling, he departed.

On the next day they wrestled, and on the third day, and both times the young stranger said he was conquered.

"You have won your desire," he said. "To-morrow will be the seventh day of your fasting. When we wrestle then, you will prevail. You must then strip off my garments and throw me down, clean the earth of roots and weeds, make it soft, and bury me in the spot. Leave my body in the earth, and do not disturb it. Be careful never to let the grass or weeds grow on my grave, and once a month cover me with fresh earth."

It happened as the sky visitor had said. Wunzh conquered, and faithfully obeyed the words of the youth. He grieved to place the young stranger's body in the earth, but he felt confident his friend would again come to life. He never forgot to guard the soil, and keep it free from weeds and grass.

Late in the summer, after his father had returned from a long hunt, Wunzh took him to the place where he had fasted. The wigwam was no longer there, but a tall and graceful plant, with bright-colored silken hair, with nodding plumes and stately leaves, and golden clusters on each side. "Behold!" cried Wunzh in joy, "it is my friend; it is Mondamin, the friend of man. The Great Spirit has heard my prayer, and no longer must we depend on hunting alone for our food. This — the Indian corn — shall be our food hereafter!"

He then told his father what the youthful visitor had shown him. He stripped the leaves from the ear, and held it before the fire until the outer skin became brown, while the milk was retained in the grain.

The whole family then united in a feast and gave thanks to the kind spirit who had given this great gift to men.

NOTES

1. *Wunzh.* Pronounced Wunsh.
2. *Great Spirit.* The great god of the Indians.
3. *Mondamin.* Pronounced Mon-dā-min.
4. *Fast.* It was a custom among many of the northern Indian tribes for the boys at the age of fourteen, or thereabouts, to go far into the depths of the forest alone, there build a rude lodge, or wigwam, and fast for several days. When the young warrior returned it was thought that the Great Spirit had in some way given him a life work to do and a guiding spirit who should be with him until that work should be finished.
5. Look up the meanings of the following: disposition, favorite, lodge, wandered, wondered, fasting, conquered, sky visitor, grieved, plumes, clusters, retained.

EXERCISES

1. Among what Indians did this legend originate?
2. What was the custom by which the young warrior found out his life work?
3. What was the one great wish of Wunzh's heart?
4. What happened to Wunzh the fourth day of the fasting?
5. Describe the approaching young man.
6. For what reason did the Great Spirit send this young man to Wunzh?
7. Just what did the sky visitor ask Wunzh to do?
8. What did Wunzh and his father find as a result?
9. How, then, was Wunzh's wish gratified?
10. What does the description of the young man of this legend suggest to you?
11. What in life does the *struggle* suggest?
12. What was the benefit to the Indians of such a discovery? What later benefit to the whites?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

EDWARD EGGLESTON: Indian Corn.
WHITTIER: The Corn Song, The Huskers.
ROSETTI: Songs in a Cornfield, A Green Cornfield.
STEVENSON: Farewell to the Farm.
ELLEN EMERSON: Indian Myths.
J. H. HARTZELL: The Fields of Corn.
EDNA D. PROCTER: Columbia's Emblem.
CELIA THAXTER: Maize for the Nation's Emblem.

ROBERT E. LEE

He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression; and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy; and a man without guile. He was Cæsar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness; and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates; and grand in battle as Achilles.— *Benjamin H. Hill.*

THE ANGELS' SONG

EVERY heart dances with delight at the expectation of Christmas festivities. Every one looks forward to the glad season when hearts are full of joy — when every one feels like doing something for another. We read with new pleasure the story of the shepherds, and of the angel song above the Judean hills. We seem to hear the sacred voice of the angel of the Lord saying,

Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

In fancy we see “a multitude of the heavenly host” and hear the angel voices praising God and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

Santa Claus, Christmas trees, public dinners for the poor, and the giving of good gifts — these are our ways of showing the spirit of peace and good will.

In this beautiful Christmas message, the poet expresses the faith that, in spite of present woe, and sin, and confusion and strife, the people of earth shall one day catch the true spirit of the

Holy Child of Christmas and chant back to heaven in the chorus of world-wide peace "the song the angels sing."

THE ANGELS' SONG

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!



RAPHAEL'S SISTINE MADONNA

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
 Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

— *Edmund Hamilton Sears.*

NOTES

1. Read Luke ii, 8-20; Matthew ii, 1-12.
2. Make a collection of other Christmas poems you like. Each pupil should prepare to read to the class one good Christmas poem.
3. Read Dickens' "A Christmas Carol."
4. What are some of the best things you ever saw one person do for another on Christmas?
5. *That glorious song.* Find the song in the second chapter of Luke.
6. *Babel.* See Genesis, Chapter XI, for the story of Babel and the confusion of tongues.
7. Study the following words and expressions until you can make their meanings clear to others: harps of gold, all-gracious, solemn stillness, cloven skies, unfurled, Babel, angel-strain, life's crushing load, prophet-bards, ever-circling years, age of gold, ancient splendors.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what story is this poem based?
2. What was "that glorious song of old"?
3. Explain the last two lines of the first stanza.
4. In what way do angels still come through the cloven skies?
5. In what way does their music still float "o'er all the weary world"?
6. What were the "Babel sounds" of old?
7. What are the "Babel sounds" of to-day?
8. What has really taken place on the earth during the past two thousand years?
9. Why does the poet bid the men of strife "hush . . . and hear the angels sing"?
10. What does he mean when he bids the toiler "rest . . . and hear the angels sing"?
11. What days were foretold by prophet-bards?
12. What does the poet think will be the final result of the angel song of old?
13. Then what must be the true Christmas spirit for each of us?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

FIELD: Why do Bells of Christmas Ring? A Christmas Wish, Christmas Eve.

ALCOTT: Becky's Christmas Dream.

HOLLAND: A Christmas Carol.

DICKENS: A Christmas Carol.

WHITTIER: A Christmas Carmen, Star of Bethlehem.

BROOKS: Christmas Everywhere, Constant Christmas.

LONGFELLOW: The Three Kings.

A. W. MORRIS: A Christmas Carol.

ALICE CARY: A Christmas Story.

WIGGIN: The Glad Evangel.

ROSETTI: A Christmas Carol.

BOLTON: The Shepherd's Song.

MILTON: Hymn to the Nativity.

RILEY: Tiny Tim's Prayer.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

THIS poem is generally known as the best short New Year's poem in the language. It communicates to us the joyous thrill with which for many years the new year has been ushered in. The glad ringing of the bells and the merry voices are heard in exultation over the coming of the new year. While men and women have loved this poem as a New Year's poem, they are coming to see that in reality it is a poem for every day. It is true that "With every new year we hope for better days, for the victory of right over wrong, of the true over false, of love over hate." We used to make good resolutions on New Year's Day, but we soon found that it took every day in the year to carry them out. So, "Every day has a new beginning," and every day is as the new year with its new opportunities for service to do away with strife, hatred, and suffering. Men must work together every day, so that the "wild bells" of the happy new year may at last "Ring in the Christ that is to be."

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night —
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new —
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times:
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

NOTES

1. Read as many other New Year's poems as you can.
2. Look up the New Year's customs, and find if possible how New Year's Day is celebrated in other lands.
3. Be prepared to tell the meanings of the following words and expressions: feud, redress, ancient, modes, faithless, coldness, mournful rhymes, fuller minstrel, false pride, civic slander, narrowing lust, valiant.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what common custom is this poem based?
2. Why are the bells spoken of as "wild bells"?
3. What is meant by "The year is dying"?
4. Explain "Ring out the old, ring in the new."
5. Similarly explain "Ring out the false, ring in the true."
6. Does this mean that the old year is "false" and the new year is "true"?
7. In reading the poem, what things are spoken of as false? What things are spoken of as true?
8. In what sense are we to "ring out the false"?
9. In what sense are we to "ring in the true"?
10. If this is a poem for every day, what is demanded of each one in order that he may help "ring in the true"?
11. From this poem how many things are necessary before we can "Ring in the Christ that is to be"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WORDSWORTH: The World is too Much With Us.

ROBERTS: The Changing Year.

SHELLEY: Dirge for the Year.

TENNYSON: The Death of the Old Year.

COOPER: The New Year.

BRYANT: A Song for New Year's Eve.

THAXTER: The Child and the Year.

ROSETTI: New Year Ditty.

SANGSTER: A New Year.

BEAUTY IN COMMON THINGS

Seek not far for beauty. Lo! It glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see,
It is a flower that blossoms at thy door!
Bring love and justice home, and then no more
Thou'l wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought;
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command;
Life's common duties build all that saints have
thought.

In wonder-workings or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, and fancy him concealed;
But in earth's common things he stands revealed,
While grass and stars and flowers spell out his name.

— *Minot J. Savage.*

A LITTLE SERMON

LOUISA M. ALCOTT is the most popular writer of child stories to-day. Her "Little Men" and "Little Women" have put new songs into every young reader's heart. These are the stories of real boys and girls. In the following selection, Miss Alcott shows us something of her true warmth and tenderness of heart. She tells here of an incident in a railway station which she speaks of as "A little sermon preached in the way I like" and "in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it." She says that for a week afterward only the emptiness of her purse prevented her from comforting the heart of every old woman she met.

A LITTLE SERMON

It was a bleak, snowy day. The train was late, the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody

bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door as if reluctant to go into the bitter storm again.

She turned presently and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear, I'm looking for the heatin' place to have a warm 'fore I go out again. My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace."

"Here it is"; and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, isn't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thank you, dear; this is comfortable, isn't it? I'm most froze to-day; bein' lame and not selling much makes me kind of downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea in this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a stream of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoestrings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence. — *Louisa M. Alcott.*

NOTES

1. Louisa M. Alcott was a much loved novelist and juvenile writer. She was born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1832. She was for some time a teacher in the little school at the Alcott home in Concord, Massachusetts. She began her literary career by writing short stories for literary journals. During the Civil War she volunteered as an army nurse. From this experience she wrote "Hospital Sketches." "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," and "Jo's Boys," are among her books most widely read. She died, after a useful career, March 6, 1888. In her last days she suffered severely, but to the last she remained hopeful, full of faith in human nature, and a firm believer in democracy and freedom.

2. *Palsy*. A disease in which control of certain muscles is lost and these muscles shake involuntarily at intervals.
3. *Magician*. One who does things apparently in defiance of natural law. The changing of the gloomy faces to kind, sympathetic ones is spoken of as a trick in magic.
4. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: impatiently, unamiable, uninteresting, forlorn, reluctant, downhearted, respectfully, refreshed, dismal, beckoned, negligence.

EXERCISES

1. Under what circumstances did this incident occur?
2. Why does Miss Alcott speak of this as "a sermon preached the way I like"?
3. Describe the old woman.
4. Explain "Nobody bought anything."
5. What is shown at first of the pale lady in black?
6. What made the old woman so downhearted?
7. What further kindness did the pale lady in black show?
8. Explain the cause of the smile that went round the room at the old woman's question.
9. Why did the pale lady now purchase some trinkets? Why had she shown all this kindness?
10. How had the writer at first treated the old woman?
11. What wish came to her now and why?
12. Explain the changes that took place in the room and in the faces.
13. Why did several others now want to purchase something of the old woman?
14. What feeling filled the heart of the writer for a week after?
15. Why is such a sermon so long remembered?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HAWTHORNE: *Great Stone Face*.

BEDE: *A Sermon for Any Day*.

STAHL: *How the Crickets Brought Good Fortune*.

WHITTIER: *The Prayer Seeker*.

MASCN: *The Voyage*.

ALCOTT: *Little Men, Little Women*.

THOR AND THE GIANTS

WE read the myths of the Norse gods with keen interest when we discover that each story explains some truth. The adventures of Thor, the great Norse god, are filled with interesting incidents. Thor, the thunderer, oldest son of the great god Odin, was the strongest of gods and men, and possessed three precious things. The first was a hammer which had split many a skull of the mountain giants, and which returned to his hand when thrown. The second rare possession was his belt of strength which, when girded about him, doubles his divine might. The third was his iron gloves, which he puts on in order to wield his hammer more effectively.

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

— *Longfellow.*

On one occasion, Thor and two companions met a great mountain giant in the forest. Thor tried three times to kill the giant with his great

hammer, but the giant Skrymir remained unhurt. After a series of thrilling adventures they arrived in King Utgard's palace in the giants' country. The great king looked upon them with contempt because of their weakness, but permitted each to perform a feat to prove himself worthy.

Each of the companions of Thor in turn failed miserably. It was now the turn of the great god Thor. All eyes were fastened eagerly upon him as the king asked by what wonderful feat he wished to distinguish himself. The following gives Thor's answer, the trial, and the result:

THOR AND THE GIANTS

ACT I. THE PALACE OF KING UTGARD. THE GUEST HALL. GIANTS IN BACKGROUND. THOR RISES TO SPEAK

THOR (*not wishing to try any great feat in such unworthy company*). I will try a drinking-match with any of you.

KING UTGARD. Well said. Be seated all. (*To servant.*) Bring me the guest-horn. (*Hands horn to Thor.*) There! we call it well drunk if a person empties it at a single draft. Some, indeed, take two to it; but the very weakest can manage it in three.

THOR (*looking at horn*). Not so large, after all! (*Takes long draft.*)

KING UTGARD. Ha, ha, ha! You are keeping all your strength for a second pull, I see! The horn is still full almost to the brim, friend Thor.

(THOR, *without answering, lifts horn again and drinks with all his might till his breath fails.*)

KING UTGARD. Well, well! If you mean to take three drafts to it, you are really leaving yourself a very unfair share for the last time. Look to yourself, Thor, for if you do not acquit yourself better in other feats, we shall not think so much of you here as they say the gods do in Asgard.

(THOR, *angrily seizing horn, drinks a third time.*)

KING UTGARD. What, a god, and cannot empty our guest-horn in three drafts! The horn is yet almost full, great Thor.

THOR (*wearied and disappointed, puts down the horn.*). I shall try no more to empty it.

KING UTGARD (*looking around at company*). I see now plainly that Thor is not so strong as we thought him to be.

THOR. Nay, I am willing to try another feat, and you yourselves shall choose what it shall be.

KING UTGARD. Methinks thou art not likely to bear any prize away with thee.

THOR (*impatiently*). What new feat hast thou to propose?

KING UTGARD. Well, we have a very trifling game here in which we exercise only our children. But yesterday I should not have mentioned such a trifling feat to the great god Thor; but now I am curious to see how he will bear himself in it. It is merely to

lift my cat from the ground — a childish amusement truly.

(A large cat springs into the hall. THOR, stooping, tugging, straining, raises one paw from the ground.)

KING UTGARD. Just as I thought! The cat is large, but Thor is a little fellow in comparison to our great giants.

THOR (*angrily*). Little as you think me, who is here who dares wrestle with me in my anger?

KING UTGARD (*looking at giants seated around*). I see no one here who would not think it beneath him to wrestle with you; but, if wrestle you must, I will call in that old crone, my nurse Elli. She has in her time thrown many a better man than Thor has shown himself to be.

(The crone comes. THOR reluctantly enters the match, but soon totters and falls down on one knee.)

THE GIANTS. Ha, ha, ha! See Thor! See the great god Thor!

KING UTGARD. Leave the hall, Elli. The trials are over. Night is come. Thor and his companions shall share our cheer as guests, for they have already shown us that they know how to bear being conquered with good grace.

ACT II. THE NEXT MORNING. THE KING ACCOMPANIES THOR TO THE CITY GATES. THOR NOW RECOGNIZES THE KING AS THE GREAT SKRYMIR WHOM HE TRIED TO KILL

KING UTGARD (*with a strange smile*). Come now, Thor, tell me truly, before you go, how you think your journey has turned out, and whether or not you

have met with better men than yourself in Giants' Home.

THOR. I confess freely that I have borne myself but humbly, and it grieves me; for I know that in Giants' Home henceforward it will be said I am a man of little worth.

KING UTGARD. By my troth! no. Never should you have come into my city if I had known what a mighty man of valor you really are; and now that you are safely out of it, I will for once tell the truth to you, Thor. All this time I have been deceiving you by my enchantments. When you met me in the forest, and hurled your hammer at my head, I should have been crushed by the weight of your blows had I not skillfully placed a mountain between myself and you, on which the strokes of your hammer fell, and where you cleft three deep ravines, which shall henceforth become green valleys.

In the same manner I deceived you about the contests in which you engaged last night. When you took such deep drafts from the horn, you little knew what a wonderful feat you were performing. The other end of that horn reached the ocean, and when you come to the shore you will see how far its waters have fallen away, and how much the deep sea itself has been diminished by your draft. Hereafter, men watching the going out of the tide will call it the ebb, or draft of Thor. Scarcely less wonderful was the bravery you displayed in the second trial. What appeared to you to be a cat, was, in reality, the serpent which encircles the world. When we saw you

succeed in moving it, we trembled lest the very foundations of earth and sea should be shaken by your strength.

Nor need you be ashamed of having been overthrown by the old woman, for she is Old Age; and there never has, and never will be, one whom she has not the power to lay low. We must now part, and you had better not come here again, or attempt anything further against my city; for I shall always defend it by fresh enchantments, and you will never be able to do anything against me.

(*At these words Thor raised his hammer, and was about to challenge the giant to a fresh trial of strength; but, before he could speak, Skrymir vanished from his sight; and, turning round to look for the city, he found that it, too, had disappeared, and that he was standing alone on a smooth, green, empty plain.*)

NOTES

1. Read Gayley's *Classic Myths*, Chapter XXVII, "Myths of the Norse Gods." The incident in this lesson is one of many in Thor's journey to Jötunheim, the home of the Mountain Giants.
2. This selection can be dramatized easily by the children. There are usually some parents in a community who would be glad to help with the costuming.
3. *Asgard*. The abode of the gods, reached only by crossing the bridge Bifrost (*the rainbow*). Asgard consists of beautiful golden and silver palaces, in the most beautiful of which sits Odin, father of the gods, overlooking heaven and earth.
4. *Skrymir*. King Utgard, king of the Mountain Giants.
5. *Guest-horn*. The drinking-horn, or drinking-cup, of the giants.
6. *Hammer*. Thor's hammer was called Mjöllnir.
7. Be prepared to pronounce, define, and give meanings of: guest-horn, draft, acquit,feat, methinks, trifling, crone, conquer, troth, valor, enchantments, cleft, ravines.

EXERCISES

1. Who was Thor?
2. Of the account of what journey is this story a part?
3. Describe the situation at the opening of Act I.
4. Why does Thor propose only a drinking-match as his feat?
5. What explanation did the king make as he handed Thor the horn?
6. What did Thor accomplish at the first draft? At the second?
7. What observation did the king now make?
8. What was the result of Thor's third trial?
9. What proposition did Thor now make?
10. What new feat was given him to perform?
11. With what result?
12. What feat does Thor now propose?
13. Why would no one of the giants wrestle with Thor?
14. How did the giants receive Thor's third defeat?
15. In what spirit did Thor and his companions take defeat?
16. What discovery did Thor make at the gates the next morning?
17. What question did the king now ask Thor?
18. Why was Thor "grieved" over the outcome of his visit?
19. By what enchantment had the king saved Thor in the forest?
20. Tell just how the king explained the incident of the horn, that of the cat, and that of Elli.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: *The Challenge of Thor, The Skeleton in Armor.*

WHITTIER: *The Norsemen.*

KEARY: *The Heroes of Asgard.*

NORSE SAGAS: (Any edition.)

ARNOLD: *Death of Baldur.*

HALL: *Viking Tales.*

MABIE: *Norse Stories.*

BROWNING: *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.*

GAYLEY: *Classic Myths—Old Norse Legends.*

DASENT: *Popular Tales from the Norse.*

CASABIANCA

THIS poem is based on an incident which took place during the Battle of the Nile under Napoleon in 1798. The real name of the little hero of this poem was Giacomo Jocante Casabianca. His father was captain of the vessel *L'Orient* in the French fleet. The father had placed the son at a post of danger, and was himself almost immediately thereafter fatally wounded. Meanwhile the vessel had caught fire in the fierce conflict, and the boy, not knowing his father's fate, refused to leave his post without his father's command.

The Battle of the Nile took place near Abukir in Egypt, thirteen miles northeast of Alexandria. The French fleet sailed from Toulon May 19, 1798, to take Napoleon's army to Egypt. Nelson, the English naval hero, was sent with fourteen ships to attack the French fleet on its voyage. The French fleet was almost surrounded off Abukir by the wary Nelson on the evening of August 1, 1798, and during a fierce engagement, *L'Orient* caught fire and was blown up. Nearly a thousand men perished, including the captain, who was mortally wounded, and the twelve-year-old son, who shared his father's fate. The fight

continued all night, the French were defeated, and only a few ships escaped.

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead;
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm.
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
“My father! must I stay?”
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way.
They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound —
The boy — O, where was he?
— Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair
That well had borne their part —
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

— *Felicia D. Hemans.*

NOTES

1. Memorize this poem.
2. Look up the story of Nelson; of Napoleon.
3. On any good map, locate the scene of this poem.
4. Be prepared to give clear meanings of the following words and expressions: Battle's wreck, heroic blood, proud, chieftain, unconscious, booming shots, lone post of death, brave despair, shroud, wreathing fires, splendor wild, gallant, fragments, strewed, mast, helm, pennon.

EXERCISES

1. Why was the boy still remaining?
2. Explain “Whence all but him had fled.”
3. Explain “As born to rule the storm.”

4. In what sense was he "proud," "heroic"?
5. What had befallen the father?
6. Why would he not yet leave his post without his father's command?
7. What passage pictures vividly the burning vessel?
8. Explain "splendor wild."
9. To what are the leaping flames compared?
10. What was the "burst of thunder sound"?
11. Explain the last two lines of the poem.
12. Should not the boy have left his post to save his life?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BROWNING: Incident of a French Camp.

DANA: Two Years Before the Mast.

SMILES: Character, Duty.

SPEARMAN: Held for Orders.

JULIA C. R. DOW: Sealed Orders.

S. A. PYE: Courage.

WORDSWORTH: Ode to Duty.

PHŒBE CARY: Our Heroes.

COLTON: A Leap for Life.

HEMANS: Bernardo del Carpio.

BE WHAT THOU SEEMEST

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

IN addition to his great service to humanity as an art critic, Ruskin was a profound philosopher. Best of all, he was so great a thinker that he could make big thoughts simple and clear to the humblest reader. For many years he looked out upon the world and saw the foolishness of its strife, its miseries and sin. He was anxious to write messages that should make men better. In the following fable, or dream, he allows us to infer his idea of the folly of mere strife for power and wealth. The stately house with beautiful gardens stands for the world. The children are the inhabitants. The quarrelling of the parties in the flower-garden represents the strife between kingdoms of the world. The strife over the brass-headed nails is the struggle of men and women for riches.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their



JOHN RUSKIN

afternoons rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers; and sweet grassy banks for rest; and smooth lawns for play; and pleasant streams and woods; and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while, but presently they separated themselves into parties; and then each party declared it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarreled violently, which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; then they trampled down each other's bits of garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more; and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.

Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them, there had been provided every kind of in-doors pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum, full of the most

curious shells and animals and birds; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses, for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes, and kaleidoscopes; and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table, in the dining-room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

But in the midst of all of this, it struck two or three of the more "practical" children, that they would like some brass-headed nails that studded the chairs; and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently, the others, who were reading, or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and, in a little while, all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared, that nothing was of any real consequence, that afternoon, except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books; and the cakes, and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only if they could be exchanged for nail-heads. And, at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there, a despised one shrank away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book, in the midst of the noise; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon — even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them.

But no — it was — “Who has most nails? I have a hundred, and you have fifty”; or, “I have a thousand and you have two. I must have as many as you before I leave the house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace.” At last, they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, “What a false dream that is, of children.” The child is the father of man; and wiser. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do.— *John Ruskin.*

NOTES

1. John Ruskin (Feb. 8, 1819 – Jan. 22, 1900), the most eminent art-critic and lecturer, and most eloquent English prose writer of the century. His “King of the Golden River” and “Sesame and Lilies” are generally studied in the schools. He possessed a lofty enthusiasm for truth and beauty and a generous sympathy for the poor and weak.
2. *A Fable.* A short tale in which animals or inanimate objects are made to act and speak like human beings, for the purpose of teaching some moral lesson. In this particular fable, children are made to do duty for men and women.
3. Be prepared to spell, pronounce, and give correct meanings of the following words: host, stately, practically, provided, museum, lathes, ingenious, fantastic, microscopes, kaleidoscopes, studded, consequence.

EXERCISES

1. In what sense is this *dream a fable?*
2. What seems to have been the author's purpose in writing it?
3. What kind of man was Ruskin?
4. If the above *dream* is a fable, what do the stately house and beautiful gardens represent?
5. What does the author mean by saying “the children had been set free”?
6. Explain “with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoons rejoicingly.”

7. What was the "new school where there were examinations"?
8. What is meant by separating themselves into parties?
9. Why is "practically" in quotation marks?
10. To what extent was it *practical* to quarrel and to trample down the flowers?
11. What made those in-doors dissatisfied?
12. Who are "the really practical and sensible ones"?
13. Who were the "despised ones" who shrank away into a corner?
14. Why did the author conclude, "what a false dream that is, of children"?
15. Give a complete statement of your idea of the meaning of the fable.
16. What, then, is Ruskin's idea concerning war and the struggle for wealth?
17. In your judgment, is this a fair interpretation of human life as now lived in the great world of men and women?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Aesop's Fables.

RHIS: *The Making of an American*,

MARY MAPES DODGE: *The Two Mysteries*.

GOULD: *The Pebble and the Acorn*.

HAWTHORNE: *The Minister's Black Veil*.

RUSKIN: *King of the Golden River, Sesame and Lilies*.

SONG

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

— *Robert Browning*.

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

THIS poem is based upon an old legend found in the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans. As King Solomon was thought to be the wisest of men, it is not strange that this legend told of his power to talk with birds, insects, and with other animals. Whittier has taken this legend, and from it produced this excellent poem. This is the legend as found in the Koran:

Solomon inherited from David the gift of prophecy and knowledge, and he said, "O men, I have been taught the language of birds, and have bestowed on me of everything wherewith prophets and kings are gifted." His armies of demons and men and birds were gathered together unto Solomon, and they were led on in order, until, when they came unto the valley of ants, the queen of the ants, having seen the troops of Solomon, said, "O ants, enter your habitations, lest Solomon and his troops crush you violently, while they perceive not." And Solomon smiled, afterwards laughing at her saying, which he heard from a distance of three miles, the wind conveying it to him; so he withheld his forces, when he came in sight of their

valley, until the ants had entered their dwellings.

The ants represent the multitude of common people. The King and Queen represent the rich and powerful. The ants think the rich and powerful crush them to death at will. The Queen, representing a certain type of rich and powerful people still to be found in every country, says that these ants ought to be thankful to be tramped upon by so great a king. But Solomon, representing true greatness, tells her that the "wise and strong seek the welfare of the weak." His train imitate their leader and turn aside to spare the home and lives of these creatures.

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS¹

Out from Jerusalem
The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them;

Proud in the Syrian sun,
In gold and purple sheen,
The dusky Ethiop queen
Smiled on King Solomon.

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Wisest of men, he knew
The languages of all
The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
The king's path, and he heard
Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted:

“Here comes the king men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet.”

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes
As he told her what they said.

“O king!” she whispered sweet,
“Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!

“Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down?”

“Nay,” Solomon replied,
“The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,”
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

The jeweled head bent low;
"O king!" she said, "henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

"Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

NOTES

1. Locate Jerusalem, Syria, and Ethiopia.
2. Find what you can about King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.
3. Be prepared to explain the meanings of the following: lords of state, gold and purple sheen, interpreted, heedless, wide surprise, perish, gracious, God-lent crown, peopled mound, jeweled head.

EXERCISES

1. Give, in your own words, the legend upon which this poem is based.
2. What great leaders were at the head of this Royal Procession?
3. Why was Solomon called the wisest of men? Just how wise was he thought to be?
4. What message did the King interpret from the small folk of the ant-hill.
5. What was the effect of the message upon the Queen of Sheba?
6. As a result, what flattering statement did the Queen make to Solomon?
7. What was Solomon's reply?

8. What effect did Solomon's thoughtfulness of these little creatures have upon the Queen?
9. What effect did Solomon's action have upon his train?
10. From this poem, what was the secret of the worth and wisdom of Solomon?
11. What idea of justice and mercy do we get from this poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GOULD: The Pebble and the Acorn.

HOWITT: The Spider and the Fly.

MACKAY: Song of Life.

COWPER: The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.

SMEDLEY: The Discovery.

THOREAU: The Battle of the Ants.

LOOK FOR SUNSHINE

If the day be dark and dreary
 Look for sunshine.

If you're feeling sad and weary
 Look for sunshine.

You will always find a path of blue
Where the sunbeams sparkle through
 If you look for sunshine.

Friends are falling every day
 For want of sunshine.

Help them up along the way,
 Show them sunshine.

If you help the world in seeing
You are always sure of being
 In the sunshine.

— Louise Pye.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

THINK of it! The first deaf and blind girl in the world to receive a college education! Little Helen Keller was stricken deaf and blind at the age of a year and a half, and consequently remained dumb also until her tenth year, when her teacher, Miss Sullivan, succeeded in getting her to make sounds with her lips, and soon afterward to speak. Through the care, patience, and devotion of Miss Sullivan, Miss Keller was prepared for college, and at the age of twenty-four, she graduated from Radcliffe with high honors. She is to-day a happy, useful woman, an intelligent conversationalist, and a writer of wonderful sympathy and power. She is a living witness of the miracles now being performed in educating deaf and blind children. Indeed, we can scarcely realize that the following story is written by a cultured and refined lady who, as a child, could neither see, hear, nor speak. Her sweet message should awaken in us all a desire to help to the fullest extent those who are deprived of the delights we so much enjoy.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE¹

I was born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, a little town of northern Alabama.

I lived, up to the time of the illness that deprived me of my sight and hearing, in a tiny house consisting of a large, square room, and a small one in which the servant slept. It was completely covered with vines, climbing roses, and honeysuckles. From the garden it looked like an arbor. The little porch was hidden from view by a screen of yellow roses and southern smilax. It was the favorite haunt of humming-birds and bees.

Even in the days before my teacher came, I used to feel along the square, stiff boxwood hedges, and, guided by the sense of smell, would find the first violets and lilies.

I am told that while I was still in long dresses I insisted upon imitating everything that I saw other people do. At six months I could pipe out, "How d'ye," and one day I attracted every one's attention by saying, "Tea, tea, tea," quite plainly.

They tell me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bath-tub and was holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I slipped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward

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them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms.

These happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird, one



Helen Keller.

summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child. Then in the dreary month of February came the illness which closed my eyes and ears. Gradually I got used to the silence and darkness

that surrounded me and forgot that it had ever been different, until she came — my teacher — who was to set my spirit free.

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand “d-o-l-l.” I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly, I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride.

Running down stairs to my mother I held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed. I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them, pin, hat, cup, and a few verbs like sit, stand, and walk. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day, while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled “d-o-l-l,” and tried to make me understand that “d-o-l-l” applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over the words “m-u-g” and “w-a-t-e-r.” Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that “m-u-g” is mug and that “w-a-t-e-r” is water, but I persisted in confounding the two.

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word "w-a-t-e-r," first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motion of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten — a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were but I do know that mother, father, sister, teacher, were among them. It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day, and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

At ten years of age Helen Keller wrote the following letter to the poet Whittier, who declared it "one of the most welcome of all" among two or three hundred birthday letters:

Dear Kind Poet: This is your birthday; that was the first thought which came into my mind when I

awoke this morning, and it made me glad to think I could write you a letter and tell you how much your little friends love their sweet Poet and his birthday.

This evening they are going to entertain their friends with music and readings from your poems. I hope the swift-winged messengers of love will be here to carry some of the sweet melody to you, in your little study by the Merrimac.

At first I was sorry when I found that the sun had hidden his shining face behind dull clouds, but afterwards I thought why he did it, and then I was happy. The sun knows that you like to see the world covered with beautiful white snow, and so he kept back all his brightness, and let the crystals form in the sky. When they are ready, they will softly fall and tenderly cover every object. Then the sun will appear in all his radiance and fill the world with light.

If I were with you to-day, I would give you eighty-three kisses, one for each year you have lived. Eighty-three years seems very long to me. Does it seem long to you? I wonder how many years there will be in eternity. I am afraid I cannot think about so much time. I received the letter which you wrote me last summer, and I thank you for it. I am staying in Boston now, at the Institution for the Blind, and I have not commenced my studies yet, because my dearest friend, Mr. Anagnos, wants me to rest and play a great deal.

Teacher is well, and sends kindest remembrance to you. The happy Christmas time is almost here! I hope your Christmas Day will be a very happy one,

and that the New Year will be full of brightness and joy for you and every one.

From your little friend,

HELEN KELLER.

NOTES

1. *Helen Keller.* If possible have the complete volume of "The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller, in the library.
2. *Tuscumbia*, pronounced *Tus-cum'-bi-a*.
3. Look up carefully the meanings of any of the following words not clear: flickering, impulse, uncomprehending, confounding, consciousness, imitating, tussle, mystery of language.

EXERCISES

1. When and where was Helen Keller born?
2. Describe her birthplace.
3. What kind of child was she?
4. What caused her misfortune?
5. What was the most important day of her life?
6. Explain "who was to set my spirit free."
7. Just how did she learn names of objects?
8. Explain how "the mystery of language" was revealed to her.
9. Why now did every object touched seem to quiver with life?
10. How does her letter to Whittier compare with the average letter of a girl ten years of age?
11. Select some expressions in the letter not commonly used by girls of that age.
12. Where was she when she wrote the letter?
13. What, in the letter, shows at least one good reason for her love for Whittier?
14. If with her misfortune Helen Keller could do so much, what inspiration in her life for each of us?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MILTON: Sonnet on His Blindness.

HALL CAINE: The Light-Born Messenger.

SAXE: The Blind Men and the Elephant.

WHITTIER: Letter to Helen Keller.

HELEN KELLER: The Story of My Life.

Report of U. S. Commissioner of Education—The Education of Blind and Deaf Children.

THE SHIP OF STATE

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,—
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,— are all with thee!

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE NOSE AND THE EYES

THIS poem sets forth the dispute between the Nose and the Eyes as to who really owns the spectacles. Tongue argued the case before Ear, who gave the decision at the close. The poem at once makes us think of people who quarrel over unimportant matters until they lose their capacity to appreciate the more serious things of life. The poet has allowed us to see a deep truth of life underneath the keen humor of the poem.

THE NOSE AND THE EYES

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning,
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

“In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship,” he said, “will undoubtedly
find,

That the Nose has the spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.”

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles
then?

"On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then, shifting his side, as lawyers know how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments, few people know,
For the court did not think them equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candle-light,—Eyes should be shut.

— *William Cowper.*

NOTES

1. *Your lordship.* A term of respect used in addressing a judge, here used the same as *Your Honor.*
2. *Baron.* One of the nobility. In this case, the Ear is made a nobleman to sit as judge.

3. Read Saxe's "The Blind Men and the Elephant."
4. Be prepared to give clearly the meanings of the following words and expressions: strange contest, dispute, cause, chief baron, balance, nicely discerning, in wear, possession, straddle, designed, visage, countenance, argument, condemn, intended, shifting his side, decreed, decisive.

EXERCISES

1. Who are the contending parties in this dispute?
2. What is the point to the dispute? Who was responsible for the quarrel?
3. Explain "wig full of learning."
4. Explain "nicely discerning."
5. What were Tongue's arguments in behalf of the Nose?
6. What humor in "as lawyers know how"?
7. What arguments could Tongue have advanced in favor of the Eyes?
8. Why did not the court think them equally wise?
9. What was his lordship's decree? How would this decree affect the contending parties? Which side won?
10. What is your judgment of the decision?
11. Wherein lies the humor of the poem?
12. What truth of life is shown beneath all the humor?
13. In what cases, if any, have you seen this truth illustrated in attempts to settle disputes?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

INA COALBRITH: *Fruitionless*.
GOULD: *The Pebble and the Acorn*.
COWPER: *The Nightingale and the Glow-worm*.
LADY CAREW: *True Greatness*.
MACKAY: *Song of Life*.
SAXE: *The Blind Men and the Elephant*.
HOLLAND: *The High Court of Inquiry*.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

THE stars have long been associated with ideas of fidelity and truth. Holland says of his faithful dog, "I trust you as I trust the stars." Columbus' men told him that the very stars had failed them, as an incentive to cause him to turn back. The stars guide the shipwrecked mariner safely homeward; they show the child of the forest the way through its trackless labyrinths; they inspire mankind with ideals of truth and steadfast endeavor.

Charles Dickens loved to portray characters that were remarkable for devotion to duty, to ideals, and to friends or relatives. In the following beautiful story he has created in the star a symbol of fidelity and loving sympathy that seems almost human when it becomes a guide and an entrance to the great beyond.

In the boy's touching faith in the star is symbolized the devotion of men, who "think about a number of things," to great incentives or ideals. The great, bright, pure thought becomes a thing that is welded to all our interests, all our loves, and all our hopes. Trusted to the full, it softens our griefs, allays our fears, and fulfills our fondest dreams. In the path of its rays

are found joy and peace that have vanished for a time and we come to learn of many others who have followed the lure of the star to peace and contentment. And even in death we reach out our hands and cry, "The star! the star!"

Then, after our lives have ceased to be, the great ideal lives to inspire and cast its benedictions upon all who follow us.

A pious old minister was anxious that his orphaned grandson should get a vision of higher planes of life. He took the lad on his trips among the poor peasants of the Swiss mountains. The boy was enraptured with the wonderful scenes that met his eye everywhere. He was distressed to observe, however, that the terrible poverty of the people he visited prevented their enjoying the pictures of God spread everywhere around them. He was led to say, "Grandpa, when I am a man, I am going to take the side of the poor." Henry Pestalozzi kept to this high purpose so well that it has been said of him, "He lived like a beggar that he might teach beggars to live like men."

"So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

And Pestalozzi's star is shining.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky at night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where.

So they grew to be such friends with it, that, be-

fore lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night. The child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" And then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's

necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him. And it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother of the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people,

and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child saw his brother's angel in her arms, he cried: "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" She turned and smiled upon him.

And the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said: "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet."

And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his

daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time. I can bear the parting from her. God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man. His once smooth face was wrinkled, his steps were slow and feeble, his back was bent. One night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round him, he cried as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying."

And he said: "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me."

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave. — *Charles Dickens.*

NOTES

1. Tell what you can of the stars. How many stars or groups of stars can you name?
2. What new meaning do you now get from the little poem "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star"?
3. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: strolled, wondered, gambol, drooped, solitary, sparkling road, avenues of light, glorified, radiant, reunited, bedewed, celestial creature.

EXERCISES

1. Do most children have the kind of thoughts mentioned in paragraph 1?
2. Do they indulge in such fancies as those of paragraph 2?

3. How does the mention of the church spire and the graves cause us to feel?
4. How had they come to think of the star at the close of paragraph 3?
5. At the end of paragraph 4?
6. What is told you in paragraph 5?
7. Why should he dream that the rays of the star were the path to Heaven?
8. What kind of person weeps for joy at seeing others happy?
9. What had the star become to the child after he had seen the vision of his sister there?
10. Does it seem strange that he should dream of the star at his mother's death?
11. How does the author cause us to feel toward the star when he says after each vision, "And the star was shining"?
12. What kind of an agency has the star become by the time of the death of the daughter?
13. Why did he say he moved toward the star "as a child"?
14. What was the star to him at his death?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

DICKENS: Death of Paul Dombey, Death of Little Nell.

THACKERAY: Death of Colonel Newcome.

WHITTIER: The Star of Bethlehem.

HAWTHORNE: The Star of Calvary.

LONGFELLOW: Footsteps of Angels, The Light of Stars.

WHITTIER: Telling the Bees, The Eternal Goodness.

MRS. BROWNING: The Sleep.

MRS. HEMANS: The Stars.

LOWELL: Longing.

LANIER: Power of Prayer.

DR. JOHN GOODFELLOW—OFFICE UP- STAIRS

WE are always interested in stories of human sacrifice and service. When a life is lived for others, the story of that life carries with it unusual charm. The following poem was written by Dr. Naylor, who has also given to the world a delightful series of books now known and loved by readers who appreciate the warm human touch in fiction. Dr. Naylor tells us just how he came to write this poem. He says that a friend told him the story of a doctor down in the mountains of east Tennessee, and further says: "I simply wove it into verse, liberally exercising poetic license, to make it the more moving and impressive. But the story's true, absolutely, nevertheless; many a country physician leads much such a life — makes as great a sacrifice. In writing the poem, I felt — and still feel — that all the heroes do not march to the blare of horns and the roll of drums; that love and laughter are the best things of life; that if there be a future life — the individual who modestly but courageously does his little level best to lighten the burden of his fellows and to make existence bearable with a smile on his face and a song on

his lips, forgetting self in the joy he has in his work — stands as good a chance of preferment as he who conquers a country or makes a million.”

DR. JOHN GOODFELLOW—OFFICE UPSTAIRS¹

Roofed o'er by the blue of the near-bending sky,
And walled in by the gray of dim mountain peaks
 high,

Bryson, a mountaineer's village stands stiff
With its front to the highway, its back to the cliff.
A smithy it has, a post-office, a store,
A few humble dwellings — so much, and no more;
And lo, its inhabitants, simple and shy,
Live close to the soil and live close to the sky!

Many long years ago, fully a score,
A stairway outside of the quaint village store
Led straight to the bare dusky room just above,
Like a highroad of hope to a haven of love.
Down at the foot of that stairway there swung
A battered old sign, and this message it flung
To all who were burdened with ills or with cares,
“Dr. John Goodfellow — Office upstairs.”

“Dr. John Goodfellow,” lowly was he,
Out at the elbows and out at the knee;
But, though he was tousled and tattered and old,
His sinews were steel and his heart was pure gold.

¹Used by the courteous permission of the author.

Seldom a storm roistered by in its might
But it found him abroad on the road, day or night;
Never a tortuous trail, but it led
To some sick woman's side or some little child's bed.
“Office upstairs!” Ah! that small dusty den
Was the home of the saddest and gladdest of men;
His thoughts were his children, his wife was the Wild,
And his heart overflowed when in summer she smiled;
No gold had he gathered, no gear had he won —
His wealth was the memory of noble deeds done;
But he bottled up gladness and sold it in shares
Signed: “Dr. John Goodfellow — Office upstairs.”
He died — as the best and the worst of us must —
And his friends bore him out of the dusk and the dust
Of his squalid surroundings, and laid him to rest
In the lap of the wild he had always loved best.
Then they sold at vendue, as a matter of course,
His meager effects — his poor bony old horse,
His black saddle-bags, his few books — to defray
The expenses incurred when they laid him away.
Gone, gone and forgotten! Ah, no, no! Instead,
As they loved him when living, they loved him when
dead;
And his grave must be marked, though no tablet or
stone
Marked a single new mound of the blood of their own.
But, untutored and crude, they were quite at a loss
How to letter his name on the rude, rugged cross
At the head of his grave — how to carve a scant line —
Till the thought came to them of his battered old sign.

That battered old sign — Ah, they took it and nailed
It high on that cross, but they stupidly failed
To note that it served as a signboard of love,
On the road leading straight up to heaven above.
Inspired were they, but they knew it not then —
Inspired of God, those poor primitive men,
For that old sign announced — as the Scripture
declares,—
“Dr. John Goodfellow — Office upstairs.”

So there in the heat of the midsummer noon,
And there in the chill of the midwinter moon,
Marking the foot of the Ladder of Light
That ends in the land of Omnipotent Right,
Swings that old sign, as in seasons of yore
It swung at the side of Jim Milliken’s store;
Still offering solace and answering prayers:
“Dr. John Goodfellow — Office upstairs.”

— *James Ball Naylor.*

NOTES

1. Find out from any local practicing physician something of his experience in practicing medicine.
2. Have some local physician talk to the pupils as to the work of a country doctor.
3. “The Kentuckian,” “Ralph Marlowe,” “Sign of the Prophet,” “The Misadventures of Marjory,” “The Old Home Week,” are some of the well-known works of Dr. Naylor of Malta, Ohio.
4. *Bryson.* A village supposed to be located in the mountains of east Tennessee.
5. Look up the following words and expressions: near-bending, smithy, quaint, dusky, battered, tousled, tattered, roistered, tortuous, gear, squalid, vendue, effects, saddle-bags, incurred, untutored, crude, rugged, scant, inspired, primitive, solace, Ladder of Light, Omnipotent Right.

EXERCISES

1. Describe the scene in the opening stanza.
2. Explain "Live close to the soil and live close to the sky!"
3. Was there anything unusual about the battered old sign?
4. Describe Dr. John Goodfellow.
5. Why was his office such a bare dusky room?
6. Why was the Doctor so tousled and tattered?
7. Explain "His sinews were steel and his heart pure gold."
8. What in the third stanza shows how he constantly rendered service?
9. Why was he "the saddest and gladdest of men"?
10. Explain "His thoughts were his children."
11. Explain "his wife was the Wild."
12. Why had he gathered no gold?
13. Of what did his wealth consist?
14. Explain the last two lines of the fourth stanza.
15. What in the fifth stanza tells us the object for which he had lived?
16. What in the next two stanzas tells us of the love and devotion of the people he had served?
17. Why does the author say these "poor primitive men" are inspired of God?
18. What new meaning attached to the sign when placed on the cross above his grave?
19. What did these "poor primitive men" believe to be the reward of service?
20. What seems to you to be the real message of this poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LEIGH HUNT: *Abou Ben Adhem.*

STEVENSON: *The Lamplighter.*

MACLAREN: *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush — A Doctor of the Old School.*

WHITTIER: *The Brother of Mercy.*

LOWELL: *Vision of Sir Launfal.*

FOSSE: *The House by the Side of the Road.*

JEWETT: *The Country Doctor.*

Matt. xxv. 34-46: *Story of the Good Samaritan.*

LONGFELLOW: *Santa Filomena.*

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

THIS story was written by Elbert Hubbard, editor of the Philistine Magazine, and was printed in that magazine for March, 1899. So popular was the story that the edition was exhausted within three days after publication. Requests for additional numbers of the magazine came from all parts of the country. The story was felt to be of such value that Mr. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central railroad, had the story reprinted in convenient form for distribution among "those discerning ones who appreciate a good thing." Every young person anxious to succeed in life will find in this story one of the secrets of success. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it became necessary to communicate quickly with Garcia, the leader of the Cuban Insurgents. The hero of the story carried the Message to Garcia, and upon that incident the following story is based.

It may be of interest to know that Rowan was a real human being, and after the Spanish War served as commandant of the cadets of the Kansas State Agricultural College. Andrew S. Rowan was born in Virginia, graduated from West

Point in 1881, and entered the regular army as second lieutenant in the Fifteenth infantry. He was soon promoted to first lieutenant of the Ninth infantry and later transferred to the Nineteenth. Because he knew Spanish, because he knew the topography of Cuba, and because he had shown himself on various occasions a brave and prudent soldier, Lieutenant Rowan was selected in the spring of 1898 to go on a hazardous mission. He was to get into the interior of Cuba and into communication with the insurgent leader, Calixto Garcia, to find out to what extent Garcia and his followers could be depended on to co-operate with an American expeditionary force in the war then imminent.

He crossed from Jamaica in a sail boat with a single companion, a Cuban. He made his way inland to Garcia's camp in the hills, delivered his message and observed the situation. He went on across the island to the north coast, and made his way in another sail boat two hundred and fifty miles to Nassau, N. P. There he sailed in a small schooner bound for Key West. When news of his safe return was published, there was great enthusiasm and admiration for him all over the country.

At his own request, he was retired from the United States army December 1, 1910. He has always proven himself a modest,

capable man who does his work and makes no fuss about it.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA¹

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do?

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

¹ Used by the courteous permission of the author, Elbert Hubbard, of the Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, New York.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, not instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test. You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Correggio — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course, I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average, I will not.

Now if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they

do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be intrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizen of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to

further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer — but out, and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best — those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself."

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course, I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecili-

ty, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have, but when all the world has gone a-slumming, I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: Nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages.

Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can carry a message to Garcia.— *Elbert Hubbard.*

NOTES

1. *Perihelion.* That point in the orbit of a planet or comet which is nearest the sun.
2. *Law of Average.* Law based on the average number of similar cases.
3. *Correggio.* See if you can find the information asked for in this case. Similarly look up Bismarck.
4. *A-slumming.* Visiting slums of the city, looking for an opportunity to help those who are unfortunate.
5. *Per se.* In itself.
6. Look up the following words and expressions: traversed, deathless bronze, appalled, imbecility, dowdy indifference, memorandum, frowsy ne'er-do-wells, insane suspicion, impervious, incompetent, rapacious, perihelion, insurgents, traversed.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what incident is this story based?
2. Where was Garcia?
3. Under what circumstances did he deliver the message?
4. Why does the author think Rowan's form should be placed in deathless bronze, and a statue be placed in every country of the land?
5. What does the author mean by "carry the Message to Garcia"?
6. Explain "There are other Garcias."
7. What illustration of the author's point is next given?
8. What are the essential qualities of one who is to be intrusted to "carry a Message to Garcia"?
9. What plea is made for the employers of labor?
10. What experience has the author had that enables him to speak so confidently?
11. In how many ways has each individual an opportunity daily to "carry a Message to Garcia"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MACAULAY: Horatius at the Bridge.

EMERSON: Essays — Self-Reliance.

SMILES: Duty.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

MILLER: Columbus.

PARK BENJAMIN: Press On.

CHADWICK: The Making of Men.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO

NO trait of human character is more universally admired than that of filial love. Countless themes founded upon it have graced the pages of every literature. It is a fundamental principle of every religion of the human race. It is deeper than mere gratitude and an oft quoted adage declares that "Blood is thicker than water." We despise no one more than him who despises a just parent. The unfilial son or daughter is a type of the graceless. Many of the sublimest deeds of history have been inspired by love borne toward a wise father or a loving mother. Sons have braved every danger to rescue parents from peril or avenge their wrongs. Daughters have given up all that was near or dear for the same sacred cause.

Mrs. Hemans found it a favorite theme, and a number of her most stirring poems are gleaned from this field of incident.

Many spirited adventures of the knight, Bernardo del Carpio, are told in martial ballads. His native Spain preserves his memory in legend and verse.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his
heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-impris-
oned sire;
“I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my cap-
tive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! — O break
my father’s chain!”
“Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed
man this day: 5
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet
him on his way.”
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on
his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger’s
foamy speed.
And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a
glittering band,
With one that midst them stately rode, as leader
in the land: 10
“Now, haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in truth,
is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned
so long to see!”
His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his
cheek’s hue came and went:
He reached that gray-haired chieftain’s side, and
there, dismounting, bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he
took — 15

What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit
shook?

That hand was cold, a frozen thing — it dropped
from his like lead!

He looked up to the face above — the face was of
the dead!

A plume waved o'er the noble brow — the brow was
fixed and white:

He met at last his father's eyes — but in them was
no sight! 20

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed;— but
who could paint that gaze?

It hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and
amaze:—

They might have chained him as before that stony
form he stood;

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from
his lip the blood.

“Father!” at length he murmured low, and wept
like childhood then: 25

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of
warlike men!

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his
young renown —

He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust
sat down.

And covering with his steel-gloved hands his dark-
ly mournful brow,

“No more, there is no more,” he said, “to lift the
sword for now; 30
My king is false! my hope betrayed! my father —
O the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness are passed away from
earth!”
Then from the ground he sprang once more, and
seized the monarch’s rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the cour-
tier train;
And with a fierce o’er mastering grasp, the rear-
ing warhorse led, 35
And sternly set them face to face — the king be-
fore the dead!
“Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father’s
hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me,
what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought — give
answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life
through this cold clay! 40
Into these glassy eyes put light — be still! keep
down thine ire;
Bid these white lips a blessing speak — this earth
is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom
my blood was shed —
Thou canst not? — and a king! — his dust be moun-
tains on thy head!”

He loosed the steed — his slack hand fell;— upon
the silent face 45
He cast one long, deep troubled look, then turned
from that sad place;
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in
martial strain;
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills
of Spain.

— *Felicia D. Hemans.*

NOTES

1. What is filial love? What striking examples of filial love have you known?
2. Read what you can of knighthood and its vows. *Honor* was one of the sacred possessions of the Knight.
3. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words and expressions: crested head, tamed, sued, haughty, captive train, liege, ransomed, foamy speed, yearned, lowly knee, fiery spirit, amaze, falchion, steel-gloved, betrayed, wildered looks, courtier train, perjured soul, martial strain.

EXERCISES

1. Explain "crested head."
2. Was it easy for him to bow his head?
3. What story do the first two lines tell?
4. What does the third line add to the story?
5. The fourth line?
6. Has the king taken the keys before he begins to speak?
7. How do we feel as we read the king's words?
8. What tells how Bernardo feels?
9. Explain the ninth line.
10. Who says line 11?
11. Of whom does line 13 tell?
12. What chieftain is meant in line 14?
13. Where do we first find a hint of something wrong?

14. How does line 17 affect your feelings toward the king?
15. What do you remember now that adds to this feeling.
16. What do you picture Bernardo doing in lines 16 to 21?
17. What do you know were his feelings in lines 21 to 24?
18. Explain line 26.
19. Do you think he should have thrown away the falchion?
20. What was there to fight for now?
21. Why did the king and his courtiers allow the deed recorded in lines 33 to 36?
22. Does this deed satisfy you? Why?
23. What does the king attempt to do in line 41?
24. What in line 44?
25. Explain Bernardo's acts in the last four lines.
26. Was the father avenged?
27. Why did the knight never lead his soldiery again?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

JEAN INGELOW: Failure.

SILL: Opportunity.

MONTGOMERY: Arnold von Winkelried.

BROWNING: Incident of the French Camp.

WORDSWORTH: Character of the Happy Warrior.

PRINCE: Who are the Free?

ALBERT GORTON GREENE: The Baron's Last Banquet.

TENNYSON: The Revenge.

WORKING WITH MIND

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

EVERY boy has at some time taken great delight in "playing Indian," or in reading stories about Indians. Many young people on the Western Plains have heard their fathers and grandfathers tell of thrilling adventures with the Indians. Much has been written and said by older people concerning the American Indian.

His characteristics of hatred of his foes and fidelity to his friends have formed the basis of much of this literature. His religion and his home life are less frequently emphasized.

Helen Hunt Jackson, as a protest against our modern treatment of the Indians, called the last hundred years "A Century of Dishonor," but we are apt to forget that our present condition of life is made possible only by the passing away of Indian life and the extermination of his race. Considered in this light, the recognition of advancing civilization must ever be attended by a feeling of sadness and regret.

The following study is an extract from an oration delivered by Charles Sprague, a Boston lawyer, on July 4, 1825:

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer: gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid

warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone, and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck!

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fires have long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb to the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide that is pressing them

away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.—*Charles Sprague.*

NOTES

1. Collect Indian relics such as arrow-heads, tomahawks, bow and arrows. Also collect some good Indian stories and legends.
2. Have children who have seen Indians describe them. Bring in good pictures of Indians.
3. Have some old pioneer tell the story of early Indian raids; also what is done with the Indians now living.
4. *God of revelation.* God as revealed in the Bible.
5. Read Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona."
6. Be prepared to explain the meanings of the following words and expressions: embellishes, wigwam, tiger strife, pilgrim bark, untrodden west, sacred orb, midday throne, Art has usurped the bowers of nature, falcon glance, council fire, generations.

EXERCISES

1. Where was the audience sitting?
2. What is remarkable in the presence of the thistle and the wild fox?
3. Who were the "tender and helpless"?
4. Why did the orator mention these?
5. Who were the "wise and daring"?
6. How many scenes are depicted in paragraph 2?
7. What is a "tiger strife"?
8. Is any scene depicted in the third paragraph?
9. How does it differ in sentiment from the preceding one?
10. For whom did the Great Spirit write His laws on tables of stone?
11. What is the difference between the God of revelation and the God of the universe?
12. What things are contrasted in paragraph 4?
13. What is the relation of any two of these things contrasted?
14. Then how does this explain "God of the universe"?
15. What was the "pilgrim bark"?
16. What is meant by "a peculiar people"?
17. What contrasts are found in the sixth paragraph?
18. Sum up in a single sentence the substance of paragraph 7.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GOLDSMITH: The Deserted Village.
HOOD: I Remember, I Remember.
BYRON: The Isles of Greece.
LONGFELLOW: The Deserted House.
LOWELL: Skeleton in Armor.
WHITTIER: Mogg Megone.
SCOTT: The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls.
HELEN HUNT JACKSON: Ramona.
Reports of Lake Mohonk Conference.
PATTEN: The Seminole's Defiance.
HUNTER: The Indian's Death Song.
FRENEAU: The Indian's Burial Ground.
ERNEST McGAFFEY: Geronimo.
COOPER: The Leather-Stocking Tales.
EVERETT: Wrongs of the Indians.
YONGE: The Chieftainess and the Volcano.
GRINNELL: The Story of the Indian.
WILSON: Myths of the Red Children.
SCOTT: Lullaby of an Indian Chief.
THACKERAY: Pocahontas.
MRS. HEMANS: The Aged Indian. The Indian's Revenge.
BULWER-LYTTON: Indian Love-Song.
CUSHING: The Extermination of the Indians.
DOROTHY BROOKS: Stories of the Red Children.
LONGFELLOW: Hiawatha.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

— *Emily Dickinson.*

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

IT has become such a common custom to call our flag "Old Glory" that we never once stop to think how the flag got that name. Somehow the name pleases us, and we keep it and love it.

"Who first called our flag 'Old Glory' — a name so radiant with light and triumph? The sailor, the soldier, the schoolboy, young and old, — every American knows that our flag is the loveliest flag that floats. But who gave it the name so full of meaning — 'Old Glory'? Home, country, school, war, sorrow, tears, death, glory, joy, and peace—all are wrapped in the folds of our flag." In this stirring poem the poet asks the question that we all like to ask, and the flag answers the poet's question by telling how the colors, the stars and stripes joined in the symbol of liberty, came by its name "Old Glory."

Those of us who know something of the history of our flag feel that it symbolizes every sacrifice made in order that we might enjoy the blessings of liberty. "Every color means liberty; every star and beam of light mean liberty — liberty through law, and law through liberty." We not only throw up our hats instinctively and shout glad huzzas as "Old Glory" passes by, but we

resolve to be true to our country and true to our country's flag.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY¹

Old Glory! say, who
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the
Blue —

Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere,
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?

Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead —
By day or by night

Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of
blue!

Who gave you the name of Old Glory — say, who —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then,
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name — just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit

¹From *Home Folks*. Copyright, 1900. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

As salt as a tear; —

And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.

And so, by our love

For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast
And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

And it spake with a shake of the voice, and it said:
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars and their heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, —
My name is as old as the glory of God,
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

NOTES

1. For brief history of flag see "Studies in Reading" page 91.
2. Find some old soldier in the neighborhood who will be glad to give the school a talk on the meaning of the flag.
3. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: blended ranks, rapturous, ripples, glittering, delightfulest light, christening, tang, thrilled, fluttered, audible, symbol, conjoined.

EXERCISES

1. To what does the poet refer in "the ships and the crew"?
2. What are the "long, blended ranks" referred to?
3. In whose name then does he ask the question?
4. Why does the flag seem to the poet to leap out *free* as it floats on the air?
5. Why does he speak of the stars as "Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue"?
6. How many times does the poet ask the flag who gave it the name — "Old Glory"?
7. What is a christening?
8. Just what plain facts then does the poet want to hear?
9. Why is the name "Old Glory" spoken of as "a tang to the spirit"?
10. What feeling does the sight of the floating flag and the marching soldiers stir in every heart?
11. What addition does the poet make to his question in the second stanza?
12. What sign did the old banner make in response to the question?
13. What in brief is the flag's answer to the question?
14. Is this answer of the flag what the flag really said, or is it what every heart feels it ought to have said?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOLDEN: Our Country's Flag (A History).

KEY: The Star-Spangled Banner.

WARD: A Song for Flag Day.

CUTTER: E Pluribus Unum.

HOLMES: The Flower of Liberty..

LARCOM: The Flag.

WILDER: Stand by the Flag!

STANTON: The Old Flag Forever.

BENNETT: The Flag Goes By.

ARTHUR MACY: The Flag.

DRAKE: The American Flag.

WHITTIER: Barbara Frietchie.

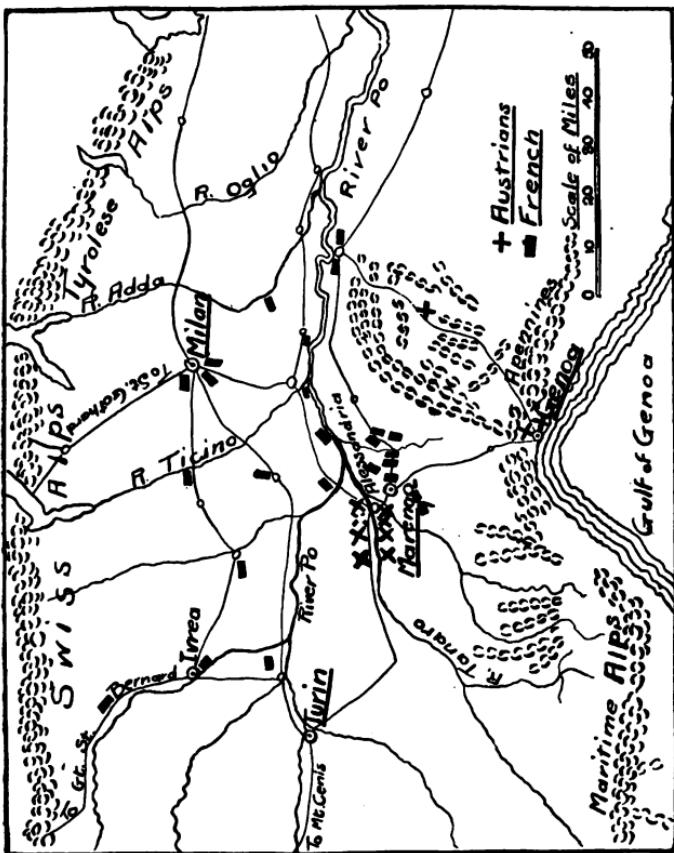
B. F. TAYLOR: God Bless Our Stars Forever.

WARE: Old Glory.

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO

THE campaigns of Napoleon are intensely fascinating to every school boy. Perhaps no incident in those campaigns is more interesting than the one recorded in this story. The incident here given is a record of a part of Napoleon's famous Italian campaign in which seeming defeat was turned into victory — the famous battle of Marengo, June 14, 1800.

Melais, the Austrian commander, was in possession of the entire Po valley and had besieged one of Napoleon's generals at Genoa. Austrian spies learned that Napoleon intended to cross the Alps to drive out the Austrians. There are only three mountain passes by which Napoleon could enter Lombardy, the St. Gothard Pass north of Milan, the Great St. Bernard Pass north of Turin, and Mt. Cenis Pass west of Turin. Napoleon made a great demonstration at Mt. Cenis Pass and, while the Austrians were preparing to meet him there, crossed the Alps over the Great St. Bernard road, moved south to Ivrea, then eastward to Milan to cut off Melais from all communication with Austria. He deliberately planned the battle which completely dazzled the world. This whole cam-



POSITION OF FRENCH AND AUSTRIANS AT THE BATTLE OF MARENGO

paign was one of the most characteristic of Napoleon's campaigns.

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO

Napoleon was sitting in his tent and before him lay the map of Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up, measured, moved the pins and measured again.

"Now," said he, "I shall capture him there."

"Who, sire?" asked an officer.

"Melais, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass through Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the river Po, force him to fight on the plains beyond, and capture him there"; and the finger of the Child of Destiny pointed to Marengo.

Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 had begun. So far all had gone well with Napoleon. He had forced the Austrians to take the position he desired, and had caused their army to be reduced from 120,000 to 40,000 men.

He now moved forward with his army to reap the results of his masterly plan. But God thwarted his purpose. In the narrow gorges of the Alps a few drops of rain had fallen and the river Po could not be crossed in time.

Napoleon reached the field to find his advance corps beaten and in full retreat. Old Melais poured his Austrian phalanx upon Marengo until even the

Old Guard gave way, and the well-planned victory of Napoleon was a terrible defeat.

Just as the day was lost, Desais, the boy general,



PAUL DELAROCHE'S NAPOLEON

sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted near the place where Napoleon stood.

There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a gamin, whom Desais had picked up on the streets of Paris, and who had followed the victorious eagles of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany.

As the line halted Napoleon shouted to the drummer-boy, "Beat a retreat!" The boy did not stir. Again he shouted, "Gamin, beat a retreat!"

The boy stepped forward, grasped his drumsticks and said, "Sire, I do not know how. Desais has never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge that will make the very dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids once. I beat it at Mount Tabor, and I beat it again at the Bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desais. "We are beaten; what shall we do?"

"Do? Beat them. It is only three o'clock, and there is time to win a victory yet. Up, gamin, beat the charge, the old charge of Mount Tabor and of Lodi."

A moment later and the corps, following the sword-gleam of Desais, and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept upon the host of Austrians, piled the first line back upon the second, the second upon the third, and there they died. Desais fell at the first volley from the enemy's guns, but the line never halted.

As the smoke cleared away, the gamin was seen at the head of the line rushing right on and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and ditches, over cannon and battery men, he led the way to victory; and the fifteen days in Italy were ended.

To-day men praise the power and foresight that so skillfully planned the battle, but they forget that

Napoleon failed; they forgot that he was defeated; they forgot how a general but thirty years of age made a victory out of the Corsican's defeat, and that a gamin of Paris put to shame the Child of Destiny.—*From the French.*

NOTES

1. Study carefully the accompanying map of northern Italy, so that you can locate carefully every place mentioned in this story.
2. In any good school history look up the campaign in northern Italy.
3. *Melais.* The commander of the Austrian army.
4. *Desaix.* One of Napoleon's youngest marshals, familiarly known as the boy general.
5. *Old guard.* The specially trained troops comprising Napoleon's most faithful veterans, and forming a body guard to the Emperor.
6. *Pyramids. Mount Tabor, Bridge of Lodi.* Famous battle-grounds in previous campaigns of Napoleon. See story of Napoleon in any school history.
7. *Corsican.* Napoleon was called the Corsican because he was born in the island of Corsica.
8. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: memorable, thwarted, corps, phalanx, cavalry, gamin, eagles of France, campaigns, furious roll, furious charge, skillfully, child of destiny.

EXERCISES

1. What was to be decided by this battle?
2. At what places in his map do you think Napoleon stuck the pins?
3. How did Napoleon regard Melais as a commander?
4. Just what plan did Napoleon make to trap Melais?
5. How were Napoleon's plans thwarted?
6. In what condition did he find his troops when he arrived upon the scene of the battle?
7. What is a gamin?
8. Explain "eagles of France."
9. What was Napoleon's command to the drummer boy?
10. Why did not the boy stir?

11. What is the usual punishment for a soldier's disobedience in the time of battle?
12. Why did Napoleon want him to beat a retreat?
13. Did the boy really not know how to beat a retreat?
14. What did he mean by saying "Desais has never taught me that"?
15. Why should he mention the place where he had beaten charges?
16. Why did Napoleon now turn to Desais in despair?
17. What caused Desais to answer Napoleon so boldly?
18. Why was the roll of the drum said to be so furious?
19. What was the nature of the battle?
20. Just who was responsible for this victory, Desais or the gamin?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

ROPEs: The First Napoleon.

JOMINI: Life of Napoleon.

SMILES: Duty.

HAY: Little Breeches.

MOORE: The Minstrel Boy.

BROWNING: Incident of a French Camp.

CARLYLE: The Up-Shot of War.

THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,

 O ye who have lost the way?

Would ye have young hearts though your hair be
 gray?

Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay,
And follow his dancing feet as they stray,
For he knows the road to Laughtertown,
 O ye who have lost the way.

— *Katherine D. Blake.*

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

IN every age, men have sought to make the most of themselves. We are interested to know how different men have tried to do this. Hermits have withdrawn from active life, and have stood on stumps with hands clenched in prayer until their nails grew into the flesh of their hands, in their efforts to seek salvation. Great poets, statesmen, and prophets have given the world sublime messages, in their efforts to do what they believed to be best. Investigators in library or in laboratory have revealed new truth. In this day of busy, complex life, it is a relief to find a type of man who lives in touch with the surging stream of life, who has a heart which beats in sympathy with all humanity, who "rejoices when travelers rejoice," and who "weeps with the stranger who moans." We are attracted to such a one, who thus dwells in peace and contentment "In the House by the Side of the Road," and spends his choicest energy in being a real "friend" to his fellow-man.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD¹

He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road.—HOMER

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn

 In the peace of their self-content;

There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,

 In a fellowless firmament.

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths

 Where highways never ran;

But let me live by the side of the road

 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

 Where the race of men go by —

The men who are good and the men who are bad,

 As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat,

 Or hurl the cynic's ban;

Let me live in my house by the side of the road

 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,

 By the side of the highway of life,

The men who press with the ardor of hope,

 The men who are faint with the strife.

But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears —

 Both parts of an infinite plan;

Let me live in my house by the side of the road

 And be a friend to man.

¹ From *Dreams in Homespun*. Copyrighted by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., and used by their courteous permission.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by —
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they
are strong,
Wise, foolish — so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban? —
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

— *Sam Walter Foss.*

NOTES

1. Look up the term "hermit" and find all you can about the hermits of old.
2. Find out as many ways as you can by which men try to do their best in life. How many "callings" do men enter?
3. Be prepared to explain fully the meanings of the following words and expressions: hermit, self-content, fellowless firmament, pioneer souls, blaze, scorner's seat, cynic's ban, highway of life, ardor, infinite plan, brook-gladdened, wearisome height.

EXERCISES

1. What class of people is first mentioned in the poem?
2. Who are next mentioned?
3. Who constitute the third class?

4. In what class does the author desire to be?
5. Describe fully the life of the hermit.
6. Name some souls who "Dwell apart in a fellowless firmament."
7. Who are some of the world's "pioneer souls"?
8. Cite passages showing the extent to which the author regards himself as one of his fellow-men.
9. What class of men come by?
10. Explain how "smiles" and "tears" are both "parts of an infinite plan."
11. What are "brook-gladdened meadows"?
12. What are "mountains of wearisome height"?
13. Explain "sit in the scorner's seat."
14. Explain "hurl the cynic's ban."
15. Just what type of man does the poet desire to be?
16. Just what is here meant by the expression "be a friend to man"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LEIGH HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

WHITTIER: The Brother of Mercy.

B. E. KISER: I Will.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

KIPLING: The White Man's Burden, The Law of the Jungle.

POE: The Man of the Crowd.

LONGFELLOW: The Legend Beautiful.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

“THE Man without a Country” is one of the best short stories in American literature. Edward Everett Hale has given us a real prose-poem of patriotism. No one can read this story without valuing more highly the country in which he lives. When a Greek of old had committed a crime against his country he was ostracized, or sent away from Greece. The Romans exiled their traitors as a worse punishment than that of death. In the play “Romeo and Juliet,” Shakespeare makes Romeo declare that banishment from his home and love is worse than death. Enoch Arden endured untold suffering in his long absence from home and country. Such punishments are extreme when inflicted by others, but they are doubly severe when in a moment of passion they are self-inflicted. Such was the case in the incident described in this story. The young traitor, Nolan, who cursed his country, and expressed the wish that he might never hear of the United States again was given his wish. The story of how this wish was made a sentence of the court and carried out to the letter, is here given.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY¹

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West." When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, he met this gay young fellow, and induced him to turn traitor to his country.

Nolan was brought before the courts in the great treason trial at Richmond, and was proved guilty enough; yet we should never have heard of him but that, when the president of the court asked him whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out: "Curse the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

The judge was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George!" he would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say: "Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. The Secretary of the Navy was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound

¹ Used by the courteous permission of Little, Brown & Company, the authorized publishers of "The Man without a Country."

on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make certain that he never saw or heard of the country. There was no going home for him, even to a prison.

According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own room, which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. They called him "Plain-Buttons" because while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of that paper there had been an advertisement of a

packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message.

Among the books lent to him was a copy of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that. So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when some of us were sitting on deck, and took his turn in reading aloud. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only that it was all magic and chivalry and was hundreds of years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute, and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,—
 This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw that something was the matter, but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on, —

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite enough presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on, —

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, and vanished into his stateroom.

I first came to understand something about “the man without a country” one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese.

Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

“Tell them they are free,” said Vaughan.

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as they could understand. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping, dancing, and kissing of Nolan’s feet!

“Tell them,” said Vaughan, well pleased, “that I will take them all to Cape Palmas.”

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was. Vaughan was

rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down and said: "They say, 'Not Palmas.' They say, 'Take us home; take us to our own country; take us to our own house; take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' "

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home."

And after some fashion Nolan said so.

And then they all fell to kissing him again.

But Nolan could not stand it long, and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven.

"Stick by your family, boy; forget that you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now.

"And for your country, boy," and the words

rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag.

"Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the Country herself, your Country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother."— *Adapted.*

NOTES

1. *Legion of the West.* Army of the West.
2. *Aaron Burr.* Before this, Aaron Burr had been driven out of his party and defeated as governor of New York, under the influence of Alexander Hamilton. Then, in a needless duel, Burr shot Hamilton in 1804. For these reasons, Burr had become an outcast and had concluded to establish a government of his own at New Orleans. Jefferson had him arrested and tried for treason; but he was found not guilty.
3. *Benedict Arnold.* Arnold, one of the best and bravest officers of the American army during the first part of the Revolutionary War, won the complete confidence of Washington; but Congress would not give him a promotion. Finally, Washington put him in command of Philadelphia. In this command, charges of misconduct were brought against him. Eager for revenge, he requested and received the command at West Point, the key to the Hudson. He planned to betray this stronghold to the British. The plot failed only by reason of the capture of Major André, whom the British sent to arrange with Arnold the terms of the surrender. Arnold himself escaped, but André was hanged as a spy. Later Arnold was rewarded by an appointment in the British army, but his last days were full of bitterness and sorrow.

4. *Gave way*. Began to row.
5. *Mess*. Number of the ship's crew who eat at the same table.
6. *Mariners*. Soldiers on the man-of-war.
7. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. A poem by Sir Walter Scott.
8. *Cape Palmas*. A cape on the west coast of Africa.
9. *Stern-sheets*. A part of the boat near the stern, which is furnished with seats.
10. *Napoleon*. A great leader whose campaigns were being carried on in Europe at this time.
11. Give the meanings of the following words and expressions: cruise, jollification, insignia, import, alluded, packet, chivalry, beside themselves, overhauled, pickaninnies.

EXERCISES

1. What was the crime of which Philip Nolan was accused?
2. What reply did he make when asked if he had been faithful to his country?
3. What sentence was passed upon him?
4. Why was the judge's face "like a sheet"?
5. How did they manage to carry out the sentence?
6. How fully did they succeed?
7. What precautions were taken in carrying out the sentence?
8. Explain "The soldiers nicknamed him Plain Buttons."
9. Why was his reading of Napoleon's battles interrupted?
10. What was there about the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" that seemed to affect him?
11. Why did he turn pale?
12. Why did he gag and turn crimson?
13. Why was Nolan so deeply affected by the incident of the slave schooner?
14. Where did the slaves want to be taken?
15. How were they affected by the promise that they could go to their homes?
16. How did this affect Nolan?
17. What advice did he give the youngster to whom he told the story?
18. What makes this advice the more impressive to us?
19. Give as many reasons as you can why a person should be patriotic?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LINCOLN: Gettysburg Address.
PATRICK HENRY: The Call to Arms
BRYANT: The Rising in 1776.
SCOTT: Lay of the Last Minstrel.
LONGFELLOW: The Building of the Ship.
LANIER: Dear Land of All My Love.
MARIE ZETTERBERG: My Country.
SCOTT: My Native Land, from *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.
RIIS: The Making of an American.
RILEY: The Name of Old Glory.
DRAKE: The Flag.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY

Dear secret greenness! nurst below
Tempests and winds and winter nights!
Vex not that but One sees thee grow;
That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test?
Who breaks his glass, to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-winged reapers come.

— *Henry Vaughan.*

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

WHO has not hunted for, and found, the lucky four-leaf clover! That thrill of true delight which comes to every faithful searching heart is best interpreted in Mrs. Ella Higginson's delicate gem, "Four-leaf Clover." No other little gem of the language has been more widely appreciated and more warmly loved. The poem was written in 1890, and was first published in the "Fact and Fancy" department of the old "West Shore" of Portland, Oregon, a department for women conducted by the promising young writer. Since then, the poem has been set to music by at least fifty composers. In England, Charles Willeby's setting was taken up by Ada Crossley, the leading contralto, and made a popular success. Calvé sings this beautiful song; and it is loved by musicians, poets, teachers, and children everywhere.

The author proudly claims Kansas as her birth-state, although when a mere infant she moved with her people out to the western coast. At the time the poem was written, she was young, very poor, but determined to succeed. Her contributions for "Fact and

Fancy" constituted her first regular literary work. As time for writing was exceedingly limited, sore discouragement was often hers. The rich, sweet message and melody of the poem is interpreted in a most delicate way in the author's own words. She says:

"On my way to the post-office, on one of my darkest days, I passed an old orchard of cherry trees, and up sprang a four-leaf clover beneath my feet, speaking a message of — well, I there and then put it to words, so you know what it was."

This sweet message has inspired grateful hearts everywhere, and has thrilled all with a loftier vision of life and luck and love.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER¹

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
But God put another in for luck —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

¹ From "When the Birds Go North Again," by Mrs. Ella Higginson. Copyright, 1898, by the Macmillan Company, and used by special arrangement with the publishers and by the courteous permission of the author.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
 You must love and be strong, and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
 Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—*Ella Higginson.*

NOTES

1. Mrs. Higginson does not regard this as her best poem. Read her other poems, and see what ones you prefer to this one.
2. Read 1 Cor. xiii.
3. What other things besides four-leaf clovers are believed to bring good luck or good fortune? Ask your parents and friends; then make a complete list, and report the list at the class hour.
4. Explain the meanings of the following words and expressions: blooms, burst with snow, nook, luck, faith, hope, love, search.

EXERCISES

1. When and where was this poem first published?
2. Under what circumstances was it written?
3. Explain "sun is like gold," "loveliest nook."
4. For what does each of the four leaves stand?
5. How only are we likely to find the "place where the four-leaf clovers grow"?
6. Only upon what conditions do success and good fortune come to each individual?
7. In what sense is the poem an interpretation of the author's life?
 Of the life of every other aspiring person?
8. What consolation in this poem for discouraged hearts?
9. What in this poem most strongly appeals to you?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

1 Corinthians xiii.

MADELAINE BRIDGES: *Life's Mirror.*

CAROLINE AHERTON MASON: *The Voyage.*

ARNOLD: *Self-Dependence.*

HOLMES: *The Sail.*

DOANE: The Sculptor Boy.

RILEY: Just be Glad.

BURNS: To a Mountain Daisy.

EMERSON: The Rhodora.

TENNYSON: "Flower in the Crannied Wall."

LOVE'S NOBILITY

Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense
And speak the speech of innocence;
And with hand and body and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

— *Emerson.*

A PRAYER¹

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot —
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

— *Edwin Markham.*

¹From the poems of Edwin Markham. Copyrighted by the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., and used by their courteous permission.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

WHAT was the Great Stone Face? All who read this story are at first anxious to know whether or not a real stone face actually existed. It is true that Hawthorne had seen a huge profile of a human face in the White Hills, but a note later made in his *Note-Book* reveals the fact that, not the rugged profile, but a more beautiful imaginary human face formed the "Great Stone Face" of this story. In the *Note-Book*, he made this note:

"The semblance of a human face to be formed on the side of a mountain, or in the fracture of a small stone, by a *lusus naturae* (freak of nature). The face is an object of curiosity for a year or for a century, and by and by a boy was born whose features gradually assume the aspect of that portrait. At some critical juncture, the resemblance is found to be correct. A prophecy might be expected."

In the Great Stone Face, the suggestion of the prophecy has been made the key to the entire structure of the story. The essentials of the note have been beautifully woven into a prose-poem of wonderful charm. In this story, we are permitted to discover a great truth. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

THE GREAT STONE FACE

1. One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

2. And what was the Great Stone Face?

3. Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life.¹ But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

¹ If the Great Stone Face appealed to people of all ranks and conditions, the truth of this story is a universal truth, hence applicable to all humanity.

4. The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan,¹ had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the further he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor² of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

5. It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and

¹ *Titan*. The Titans were mighty giants whose battles tore up whole forests, and whose warfare was accompanied by volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. They were gigantic in size, superhuman in strength, and defiant of all law.

² *Glorified vapor*. Suggesting the more than natural quality of the face.

the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it.¹ According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

6. As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

7. "Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

8. "If an old prophecy² should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

9. "What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it."

10. So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their fore-

¹ An old proverb says, "We *are* what we admire."

² See the extract from Hawthorne's Note-Book in the introduction to this lesson.

fathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

11. "O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope I shall live to see him." His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

12. And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy, yes, often pensive, child he grew up to be a

mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him.¹ When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

13. About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport; where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck,

¹ See note 1, page 269.

he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed¹ ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

¹ *Bulky-bottomed.* Indicating the great carrying capacity of the merchant vessels, hence the great wealth of the owner.

14. As I have said above, it had already been rumoured in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weatherbeaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young playdays, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation,¹ had been accustomed to build of snow.² It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made

¹ *Touch of transmutation.* The power to turn everything to gold at a touch. Read Hawthorne's "The Golden Touch."

² Read Hawthorne's "The Snow Image."

such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

15. In due time the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

16. "Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

17. A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed around the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand¹ had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

18. "The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come at last!"

19. And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw² — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed:—

¹ For the story of Midas, see Hawthorne's "The Golden Touch."

² *Claw.* As if the owner were some sort of beast.

20. "He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

21. But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say? "He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

22. The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts.¹ They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in

¹ See note 1, page 269. Follow this idea carefully through the entire story.

the fields, and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul — simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy — he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart¹ was so long in making his appearance.

23. By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face.² Thus, Mr. Gathergold being

¹ *Human counterpart.* The person whose features should be an exact likeness of those of the Great Stone Face.

² The author's way of showing how completely Mr. Gathergold was forgotten, and how firmly the ideal of the Great Stone Face was implanted in the hearts of the people.

discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

24. It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This warworn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aide-de-camp of Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period.¹ Great, therefore, was the excitement

¹ Can you think of incidents occurring every day which are similar to this?

throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

25. On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the *ylvan* banquet¹ was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battle-blast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as guard, pricked ruthlessly² with their bayonets at any par-

¹ *Sylvan* banquet. The great banquet spread among the trees in the "cleared space of the woods."

² Volunteer companies are usually more anxious to show their authority in some such way. Regular soldiers go quietly about their duties, performing them rigidly yet with no special show.

ticularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain side.

26. "'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy. "Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another. "Like! Why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

27. And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, ut-

tering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking a habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

28. "The general! The general!" was now the cry. "Hush! Silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder 's going to make a speech."

29. Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow. And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified! Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

30. "This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of

the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

31. The mists had congregated about the distant mountain side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benevolent, as if a mighty angel was sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

32. "Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him — "fear not, Ernest; he will come."¹

33. More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had

¹ Ernest's faith in the fulfillment of the old prophecy was great. The following paragraph gives some excellent hints as to the reason for this.

imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon them and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it;¹ but inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

34. When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs, in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a

¹ A characteristic of all truly great men.

native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument; sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war; the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success; when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates; after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore; it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.¹

35. While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz set out on a visit to

¹ Notice how each name has been made to fit the character it represents.

the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

36. The cavalcade came prancing along the road with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly

at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

37. All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

38. "Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!"

39. In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche¹ drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

¹ *Barouche*. A four-wheeled carriage with a seat in front for the driver, and two double seats inside, one facing back and the other front, and a folding top over the back seat. — Webster.

40. "Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

41. Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvelous gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

42. Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

43. "Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

44. "No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness." "Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

45. But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

46. "Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

47. The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old; more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved,¹ and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad

¹ *Graved.* Engraved.

that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone, a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fullness of such a discourse, his guests took leave and went their way, and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

48. While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet¹ to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from

¹ It is said by some that Hawthorne had Emerson in mind. Hawthorne said of Emerson, "It is impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought."

heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or roaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

49. The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As

respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

50. The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before the cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

51. "O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

52. The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.¹

53. Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars, at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

¹ *Answered not a word.* This expression becomes full of meaning as one reads to the end of the story.

54. Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

55. "Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"¹

56. "Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling: "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

57. The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside, and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded

¹ A picture of New England hospitality as well as an indication of the poet's regard for Ernest.

into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

58. As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

59. "Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

60. The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading. "You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then — for I wrote them."

61. Again, and still more earnest than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the Great Stone Face; then back with an uncertain aspect to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head and sighed.

62. "Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

63. "Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited a fulfillment of the prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

64. "You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and

Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

65. "And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

66. "They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even — shall I dare to say it! — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

67. The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

68. At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their fes-

toons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

69. Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverently at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet,

thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

70. At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted:

71. "Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

72. Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE. — *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

EXERCISES

PARAGRAPHS 1-12

Words and expressions for study: embossed, spacious, congregated, human cunning, phenomenon, majestic playfulness, perpendicular, Titan, precipice, discern, ponderous, chaotic ruin, original divinity, intact, benign aspect, purport, ardor, veneration, confiding simplicity.

1. What does the first paragraph tell of Ernest?
2. How many classes of people lived in the valley? To how many classes does the Great Stone Face seem to appeal?
3. Just what features has the author mentioned in order to bring the face clearly to mind?

4. Explain "It was an education only to look at it."
5. How did the people of the valley feel toward the Great Stone Face?
6. What was the old prophecy?
7. What is shown of Ernest in paragraph 11?
8. How could the Great Stone Face become a teacher to Ernest?
9. Explain "And thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion."

PARAGRAPHS 13-21

Words and expressions for study: migrated, inscrutable, faculty, mountainous accumulation, tribute, effulgence, commodity, sterling metal, similitude, edifice, enchantment, touch of transmutation, semblance, harbingers, beneficence, physiognomy, perplexed, wrinkled shrewdness, benign lips.

10. What rumor now spread through the valley?
11. What qualities had Mr. Gathergold shown in his struggle for wealth?
12. Describe the mansion built for Mr. Gathergold.
13. How did all this impress Ernest?
14. How does the description of Gathergold, in paragraph 17, compare with the description of the Great Stone Face?
15. Why did the people shout "The very image of the Great Stone Face"?
16. Why was Ernest "perplexed"?
17. What is shown of Gathergold in the incident of the beggars?
18. Why did the people still "bellow," "He is the very image of the Great Stone Face?"
19. What did the Great Stone Face now seem to say to Ernest?

PARAGRAPHS 22-32

Words and expressions for study: remarkable, meditate, indulging, sentiment, sympathies, communed, marvelous, human counterpart, consigned, decease, natural curiosity, illustrious, veteran, turmoil, clangor, aid-de-camp, sylvan banquet, ruthlessly, unobtrusive, reverberating, inscrutable, wisdom, glittering epaulets, diffused.

20. How did the people of the valley regard Ernest?
21. How had the Great Stone Face become a teacher to him?
22. Why did the people now see no resemblance between Gathergold and the Great Stone Face?
23. What made them now feel that Blood-and-Thunder was the man of prophecy?

24. Why does the Rev. Dr. Battle-blast beseech the blessing in such a "loud voice"?
25. Describe the scene of the festival.
26. Why does Ernest no longer doubt that the man of prophecy has come?
27. What strong contrast impressed itself upon Ernest as the warrior stood speaking?
28. What conclusion did he draw?
29. What consoled him in his disappointment?

PARAGRAPHS 33-46

Words and expressions for study: tranquilly, imperceptible, imbibed, involuntarily, manifestations, wrought, inevitably, truculent physiognomy, benign visage, auditors, illuminated fog, potentates, cavalcade, buoyantly, contagious, barouche, emulation, sublimity, etherealized, ponderous granite substance, melancholy, despondent, vociferous, grandeur.

30. What changes were gradually taking place in Ernest? What special signs of power did he show?
31. Just what kind of man was Old Stony Phiz?
32. Why was he so called?
33. Why did he return to the valley at this time?
34. What is shown of Ernest in that he went forth with the crowd "as buoyantly as ever"?
35. What honors were paid the returning statesman?
36. What shows the degree of enthusiasm awakened by his return?
37. Why did Ernest throw up his hat and shout before he had seen the great man?
38. What, to Ernest, did the face of the gifted statesman lack?
39. Explain "Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face."
40. What consolation remained for Ernest in this disappointment?

PARAGRAPHS 47-72

Words and expressions for study: reverend wrinkles, inscriptions, graved, philanthropist, characterized, celestial, handiwork, sordid, spawned, contemptuous bitterness, imbibed, accorded, pavilion, typified, niche, spontaneously, benignant aspect, grand beneficence, imbued, irresistible impulse.

41. What further changes had taken place in Ernest?
42. Where did Ernest get "ideas unlike those of other men"?

43. What other native of the valley had risen to greatness?
44. Cite passages to show the real power of the poet.
45. What effect did the poet's songs produce on Ernest?
46. Why did the poet visit Ernest? Why did he not stop at the hotel?
47. Explain, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."
48. How did Ernest compare with others with whom the poet had conversed?
49. What effect did these men have on each other?
50. How did Ernest discover just who his "strangely gifted guest" was?
51. What did the poet lack to be the true image of the Great Stone Face?
52. What gave Ernest's message such power?
53. Describe this evening scene.
54. What discovery did the poet make? Why should it require a poet to make the discovery?
55. How did the announcement affect Ernest?
56. Tell in your own words, or write briefly the story of the Great Stone Face.
57. What do you think is the larger meaning of this story?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

TENNYSON: *Lady of Shalott*.

BONAR: *The Master's Touch*.

HAWTHORNE: *The Snow Image*, *Marble Faun*, *The Gentle Boy*,
The Golden Touch.

BEN JONSON: *The Noble Nature*.

VAN DYKE: *My Work*.

WHITTIER: *The Eternal Goodness*, *The Brother of Mercy*.

LONGFELLOW: *The Legend Beautiful*.

I Corinthians, xiii.

THE BROOK

THIS delightful song is taken from Tennyson's complete poem, *The Brook*, in which Lawrence Aylmer, after an absence of twenty years, returns to see the old home place. He stops at the old stile, or gate, beside the babbling brook which joins the river near old Philip's farm. There he notices that the brook makes the same sweet music; and he seems to hear again old Philip's chattering, to see the son wading through the sparkling meadow, and to hear Katie's tale of love, just as he saw and heard all twenty years ago. He remembers, too, this younger brother, the poet who died, and who sang this exquisite *Song of the Brook* he now recalls.

The first three stanzas of the song are recalled as the brook's answer to the simple question of the young poet, "O brook, O babbling brook, whence come you?"

The next three are recalled with the thought of the death of the young poet and the sight of the brook joining the brimming river.

The three succeeding stanzas are recalled with the clear picture of Philip, the old farmer who "chattered more than brook and bird,"

and who was the owner of the farm where the brook and river meet.

The last four stanzas are recalled with the quarrel of Katie with her rustic lover, and the thought of how the familiar friends of other days have died or moved under other skies.

Through it all the little brook remains very much the same.

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

NOTES

1. *Coot.* The bald coot, a web-footed bird which dwells by the banks of lakes and streams.
2. *Hern.* Heron, a wading bird with a long, sharp bill, and long legs and toes.
3. *Bicker.* Flicker, or flash.
4. *Philip's farm.* Philip is the chattering old man recalled in the complete poem. His farm was located where the brook joined the brimming river.
5. *Thorps.* Hamlets, a small village, or cluster of country homes.
6. *Willow-weed.* A large-flowered weed known as the Great Hairy Willow-herb.
7. *Waterbreak.* A ripple.
8. *Shingly bars.* Bars of coarse gravel.
9. Be prepared to give the meanings of each of the following words and expressions as here used: haunts, coot, hern, sudden sally, bicker, thorps, sharps and trebles, fallow, fairy foreland, mallow, lusty, grayling, netted sunbeams, brambly wildernesses, shingly bars, cresses.

EXERCISES

1. Tell something of the setting of the song.
2. What fancied question of the young poet is answered in the poem?
3. According to the brook, what is its origin?
4. What is its destination?

5. Explain how a brook can "chatter" "in little sharps and trebles."
6. What is a fairy foreland?
7. In your own words, tell of the different things the brook passes in its course.
8. How does the brook "make the netted sunbeams dance"?
9. What refrain do you find at the end of the third, sixth, ninth, and thirteenth stanzas?
10. What is the meaning of the refrain as found at the end of the third stanza?
11. What is added to the meaning at the end of the sixth stanza?
12. What additional meaning has the refrain in the ninth stanza?
13. What final meaning does it give us?
14. If the brook represents nature, how does nature compare with the changing whims of people?
15. Select the most pleasing poetic expressions in the poem and give a hint as to why you selected each.
16. If this brook were a person, what kind of person would it be?
17. What in this poem tells you that the author was a close observer of nature, and her ardent lover?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

TENNYSON: The Brook, The Gardener's Daughter, The Miller's Daughter, In the Valley of Cauteretz, The Bugle Song.

LANIER: The Song of the Chattahoochee.

BYRON: Apostrophe To the Ocean.

BURNS: Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

LONGFELLOW: To the River Charles

MORSE: The Brook Song

SOUTHEY: The Cataract of Lodore.

STEVENSON: Looking-Glass River.

HAYNE: The River.

BRYANT: To a Waterfowl.

THAXTER: The Sandpiper.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

WE are always moved to sympathy by tales of suffering and poverty. We want to help those in need. Perhaps no other story save Dickens' *Christmas Carol* calls forth such warm sympathy for suffering as the charming household gem so beautifully told by that prince of story-tellers, Hans Christian Andersen. The effect of the story is increased by the strong contrast between poverty, cruelty, hunger, cold and death on the one hand, and bounty and joy and warmth and life of the glad New Year on the other. It is said that this story has founded many an orphan home, and organized hundreds of societies for the relief of the worthy poor.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

It was bitterly cold; it was snowing, and a dark evening was coming on. It was also the last evening of the year, New Year's Eve. In this cold and in this darkness there went through the streets a poor little girl with bare head and naked feet. She had slippers on when she left home, but of what use was that?

They were very large slippers; her mother had worn them last, and so large were they that the little girl had lost them when she was hurrying across the street out of the way of two carriages that were rushing by hastily. One of the shoes could not be found, and a boy ran off with the other; he said he could use it for a cradle when he had children of his own.

So the little girl walked along now with bare feet, all red and blue and cold. In an old apron she carried a quantity of matches, and she held one packet in her hand. Nobody had bought any from her the whole day; nobody had even given her a copper. Hungry and frozen she walked along, and looked as if she were cast down by fear.

The snowflakes fell upon her long golden hair, which curled so prettily over her neck, but she thought nothing of that now. Lights shone from all the windows, and there was a delicious odor of roast goose in the street; it was New Year's Eve — yes, she thought about that.

Down in a corner between two houses, where one stood out into the street a little farther than the next one, she sat down and curled herself up. She had drawn up her little legs under her, but she was colder than ever. She dared not go home, for she had not sold any matches, and had not a single copper. Her father would beat her, and it was cold, too, at home. They had only the roof over them, and the wind whistled through it, although straw and rags were stuffed into the largest chinks.

Her little hands were stiff with cold. Ah, one little match would do some good! If she only dared pull one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers! She pulled one out: *ritch!* how it spluttered, how it burnt! It was a warm, clear flame, just like a little candle when she held her hand round it. It was a wonderful candle. The little girl fancied that she was sitting in front of a big stove with shining brass globes and doors. The fire was burning so beautifully and warmed her so well, but — what was that? The little girl was just stretching out her feet to warm them too — when the blaze went out. The stove vanished, and she was sitting with the end of the burnt-out match in her hand.

A new one was struck. It burned, it blazed, and where the light fell upon the wall it became transparent like gauze. She was looking straight through it into a room, where the table stood decked with a shining white cloth and fine porcelain, and a delicious roast goose stuffed with prunes and apples was steaming on it. And what was even grander, the goose sprang from the dish, and waddled across the floor with the carving-knife and fork sticking in its back. Straight up to the poor child it came, and then the match went out, and there was nothing but the thick, cold wall to be seen.

She lit another. This time she was sitting under the most lovely Christmas tree. It was even larger and more decorated than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's this

time last Christmas. Thousands of lights were burning upon its green branches, and colored pictures like those which adorned the shop windows looked down at her.

The little one stretched out both her hands into the air — then the match went out. The merry Christmas candles rose higher and higher, and she saw that they were only the bright stars. One of them fell and made a long streak of fire across the sky. "Some one is dying now," said the little girl; for her old grandmother, who was the only person who had been kind to her, but who now was dead, had said, "When a star falls, a soul is going up to God."

She struck another match against the wall; it lighted all round her, and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, so clear, so bright, so gentle and blessed.

"Grandmother!" cried the little one. "Oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out, away like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the beautiful Christmas tree!"

She hastily struck all the rest of the matches that were in the bundle, for she wanted to stay by her grandmother. The matches blazed with such a glow that it was brighter than daylight. Grandmother had never before been so beautiful, so grand. She lifted the little girl in her arms, and they flew in brightness and joy, so high, so high; and there was no cold, no hunger, no fear, for they were with God.

But in the cold morning-time the little girl sat there, in the corner by the house, with rosy cheeks and a smile on her face — dead, frozen to death on the last night of the old year. New Year's morning broke on the little body still sitting with the matches, of which nearly a bundle was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," they said. No one knew the beauty she had seen, nor in what brightness she had gone with her grandmother into the joy of the New Year.— *Hans Christian Andersen.*

NOTES

1. Read others of the tales of Hans Christian Andersen.
2. Read Dickens' "Christmas Carol."
3. Find how worthy poor people are helped in your community.
4. Make a list of all the ways the sick, poor, or otherwise needy are helped in our country to-day.
5. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of the following words and expressions: packet, copper, cast down, delicious, chinks, shining brass globes, transparent, gauze, decked, porcelain, waddled, decorated.

EXERCISES

1. Why was this poor little girl out on such a night?
2. Why was she "with bare head and naked feet"?
3. Why do you think that even the street boy was cruel to her?
4. What shows just how poor and neglected she was?
5. What contrast is shown between her condition and that of others on this glad New Year's Eve?
6. Why did she curl up in the corner between two houses? Why did she not return to her home?
7. What fancies did the first lighted match awaken?
8. What vision came as she struck another match?
9. What third vision came to her?
10. Why do you think the author has given us this strong contrast between the poor little girl's condition and her beautiful visions?

11. What caused her to think that some one was dying?
12. What relief did the vision of the grandmother bring to the poor little sufferer?
13. How did people explain all this when they found the frozen child and the burnt matches?
14. How could such a cold, starved child find warmth and food to-day?
15. Why do you think this story has founded orphanages and societies to help the needy poor?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: *The Legend Beautiful*, *Santa Filomena*.

HUNT: *Abou Ben Adhem*.

LOWELL: *Vision of Sir Launfal*.

WHITTIER: *The Brother of Mercy*.

DICKENS: *A Christmas Carol*.

From the German — “Little Gretchen.”

From *The Arabian Nights* — The Barmecide Feast.

RILEY: *God Bless us Every One*.

WORDSWORTH: *The Wishing-Gate*.

HUGO: *Les Miserables* — The Bishop and the Convict.

Foss: *The House By the Side of the Road*.

ON THE WILD ROSE TREE

On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

Thou who wouldst be wise
Open wide thine eyes;
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

WE who in this country read with a thrill of patriotism the story of Paul Revere will follow eagerly the thrilling story of how an humble Tyrol maid saved her native city in the brave days of old. Such a story of devotion to country thrills our hearts with deeper love for our own country.

In this poem the story is told of a maiden who left her home city, Bregenz, situated on a lofty height overlooking Lake Constance from the eastern shore, and went to earn a living among the peasants in a distant Swiss valley. She loved the valley folk and was contented with her lot. But when cruel war broke out between the Swiss and the Austrians, and when the Swiss were planning to take her native city, she performed a heroic deed and saved her home and kinsmen from surprise and defeat. This legend is the story of how the Tyrol maiden left her country's foemen, rode from the far-away Swiss valley, warned her kinsmen of the threatened danger, and thus saved her home and native city.

A fine modern city has grown up around the

ancient city of Bregenz, but an old stone gateway upon which is carved the figures of the maiden and her horse may still be seen as a part of the wall of the ancient "city on the heights." The night watchman of the old city calls out the hours of the night as of old, save when at midnight he calls out the maiden's name in commemoration of her midnight ride to save her kinsmen.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep.
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;

She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose, contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!"

"The night is growing darker;
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!

The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pastures and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless.
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out — out into the darkness —
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

“Faster!” she cries, “Oh, faster!”
 Eleven the church bells chime:
“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz,
 And bring me there in time!”
But louder than bells’ ringing,
 Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
 The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
 Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror;
 She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
 The bank is high and steep;
One pause — he staggers forward,
 And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
 And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
 That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
 He struggles through the foam!
And see — in the far distance
 Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
 And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
 That tower above the plain.

They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour;
“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden’s name!

— *Adelaide Procter.*

NOTES

1. *Bregenz*. Pronounced *Breg'enz*.
2. Make a list of the heroic deeds you have learned about, in which individuals have saved homes, armies, or countries.
3. Read *Paul Revere's Ride* and *Horatius at the Bridge*.
4. *Lake Constance*. A beautiful lake, at that time situated between the Austrian provinces and the Swiss provinces.
5. *Tyrol shore*. The shore next to the Tyrol, a southern province of Austria.
6. Look up in any good text the geography of this region.
7. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of the following words and expressions: girt, quaint, sacred legend, longing, deep mist of years, clustering, accents of her childhood, portents, fragile, heedless, paced, stern, altered, jovial, nobly spread, accursed, charger, kine, gallantly, serf, battlements are manned.

EXERCISES

1. What is a legend?
2. How long ago did the events of this story occur?
3. Where and how was Bregenz located?
4. Just what kind of city was Bregenz?
5. Why had this maiden left her home for the Swiss valleys?
6. Explain fully "Nor asked for rest or change."
7. What further shows that she was contented in her new home?
8. What two things show that she did not forget her home-land?
9. Explain the meaning of "accents of her childhood."
10. Why did she use the "accents of her childhood" when at prayer?
11. What "strange portents" seemed near?
12. What caused the changed looks and bearings of the men and women?
13. How did she learn of the plot against her native city?
14. Explain "Felt death within her heart."
15. What vision now came to her?
16. Explain "The echoes of her mountains reclaimed her as their own."
17. What one cry now completely filled her heart?
18. What plan did she make to obey the voice that said, "Save Bregenz"?
19. Why did her steed seem so slow?
20. What on the ride especially tested her heroism?

21. What was the result of her midnight ride?
22. How does Bregenz still honor the savior of the city?
23. What special tribute is paid to her at each midnight hour?
24. Why does the poet, in speaking of the honor, call it a "crown of fame"?
25. What similar deeds of heroism and patriotism do you recall?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BROWNING: How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,
Hervé Riel, An Incident of the French Camp.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

MACAULAY: Horatius at the Bridge.

MONTGOMERY: Make Way for Liberty, My Country.

READ: The Spirit of '76, Our Defenders.

SCOTT: Patriotism.

BRYANT: Our Country's Call, Seventy-Six.

ANDREWS: The Perfect Tribute.

HENRY: A Call to Arms.

McMASTER: The Old Continentals.

A MORNING PRAYER

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

THE Arabian Nights Entertainments, or the stories of *The Thousand Nights and a Night*, is a collection of old Arabian stories which were gleaned from the widest sources of Oriental tale and fable. These stories were doubtless handed down from father to son through many generations, and finally gathered into a great collection comprising about two hundred fifty separate tales. They were translated from the Arabian into modern European languages at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and opened to Europe "a wealth of anecdote, a fertility of daring fancy, which has not ceased to amuse and to interest."

The entire collection of stories is bound together by a single thread or "frame," as follows: A certain King of India, whose wife proved disloyal to him, determined to make an end of all the women in his kingdom. As often as he takes a wife, on the morrow he orders her slain. At last, the beautiful daughter of the Vizier, or prime minister, takes upon herself to rid the king of his evil intent. On the night of her marriage, she and her sister fill his mind with such charming stories that the king orders the

tales to be continued night after night for nearly three years. By that time, the mind of the king is so changed that he grants any wish the queen might make. She asks that her life be spared for the sake of her beautiful children who need a mother's love. The great king replied, "I take the Almighty to witness against me that I exempt thee from aught that can harm thee."

The story of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp" is one of the most universally popular of all of these fascinating tales. Every person who has dreamed great things or who has "built air-castles in Spain" will read the story with keenest delight.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Aladdin was the son of Mustapha, a poor tailor in one of the rich provinces of China. When the boy was old enough to learn a trade his father took him into his own workshop. But Aladdin, being but an idle fellow, loved play more than work, and spent his days in playing in the public streets with other boys as idle as himself.

His father died while he was yet very young; but he still continued his foolish ways, and his mother was forced to spin cotton night and day in order to keep herself and him.

When he was about fifteen years old, he was one day playing in the streets with some of his companions. A stranger who was going by stopped and looked at him. This stranger was a famous African magician, who, having need of the help of some ignorant person, no sooner beheld Aladdin than he knew by his whole air, manner, and appearance that he was a person of small prudence, and very fit to be made a tool of. The magician then artfully inquired of some persons standing near, the name and character of Aladdin, and the answers proved to him that he had judged rightly of the boy.

The stranger, now pressing in among the crowd of lads, clapped his hand on Aladdin's shoulder, and said, "My good lad, art thou not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," said Aladdin; "but my father has been dead this long time."

"Alas!" cried he, "what unhappy news! I am thy father's brother, child. I have been many years abroad; and now that I have come home in the hope of seeing him, you tell me he is dead?" And all the while tears ran down the stranger's cheek and his bosom heaved with sighs. Then, pulling out a purse, he gave Aladdin two pieces of gold:

"Take this, my boy," said he, "to your mother. Tell her that I will come and see her to-night, and sup with her."

Pleased with the money, Aladdin ran home to his mother. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?"

His mother told him he had not, whereupon Aladdin pulled out his gold and told her that a man who said he was his father's brother was coming to sup with her that very evening. Full of bewilderment, the good woman set out for the market, where she bought provisions, and was busy preparing the supper when the magician knocked at the door. He entered, followed by a porter bringing all kinds of delicious fruits and sweetmeats for the dessert.

As soon as they sat down to supper he gave Aladdin's mother an account of his travels, saying that for forty years he had been from home, in order to see the wonders of distant countries. Then, turning toward Aladdin, he asked his name. "I am called Aladdin," said he. "Well, Aladdin," replied the magician, "what business do you follow?"

At this question Aladdin hung down his head, and was not a little abashed when his mother made answer, "Aladdin is an idle fellow; his father strove all he could to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his death, in spite of all I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, so that I despair of his ever coming to any good." With these words the poor woman burst into tears, and the magician, turning to Aladdin, said: "This is not well, nephew; you must think of helping yourself and getting your livelihood, and I will help you as far as I may; what think you, shall I take a shop and furnish it for you?" Aladdin was overjoyed at the idea, for he thought there was very little labor in keeping a shop, and he told

his uncle this would suit him better than anything else.

"I will take you with me to-morrow," said the magician, "clothe you as handsomely as the best merchants in the city, and then we will open a shop."

Aladdin's mother thanked him very heartily, and begged Aladdin to behave so as to prove himself worthy of the good fortune promised by his kind uncle.

Next day the stranger called for Aladdin as he had promised, and led him to a merchant's, where ready-made clothes, suited for all sorts of people, were sold. Then he caused Aladdin to try on the handsomest suits, and choosing the one Aladdin preferred, he paid the merchant for it at once. The pretended uncle then took Aladdin to visit the bazaars and the khans where the foreign merchants were, and the most splendid mosques, and gave him a merry feast in the evening.

The next morning Aladdin got up and dressed himself very early, so impatient was he to see his uncle. Presently he saw him coming, and ran to meet him. The magician greeted him very kindly: "Come, my good boy," he said with a smile; "I will to-day show you some very fine things."

He then led him through some beautiful gardens with great houses standing in the midst of them. Aladdin did nothing but exclaim at their beauty, and so his uncle, by degrees, led him on farther and farther into the country.

"We shall now," said he to Aladdin, "go no farther, and I shall here show you some extraordinary wonders that no one besides yourself will ever have seen. I am now going to strike a light, and do you, in the meantime, collect all the dry sticks and leaves that you can find, in order to make a fire."

There were so many pieces of dry sticks scattered about this place that Aladdin collected more than enough, by the time the magician had lighted his match. He then set them on fire, and as soon as they were in a blaze he threw a certain perfume, that he had ready in his hand, upon them. A dense smoke rose up, while the magician spoke some mysterious words. At the same instant the ground slightly shook, and, opening in the spot where they stood, showed a square stone about a foot and a half across, with a brass ring in the center.

Aladdin was frightened out of his wits, and was about to run away, when the African suddenly gave him a box on the ear so violent as to beat him down and very nearly to knock some of his teeth out. Poor Aladdin, with tears in his eyes and trembling in every limb, got up. "My dear uncle," he cried, "what have I done to deserve so severe a blow?" "I have good reasons for it," replied the magician. "Do you but obey me, and you will not repent of it. Underneath that stone is a great hidden treasure, which will make you richer than many kings if you will be attentive to what I shall say to you."

Aladdin had now got the better of his fright.

“Well,” said he, “what must I do? Tell me; I am ready to obey you in everything!” “Well said!” replied the magician; “come to me, then; take hold of this ring, and lift up the stone.”

To Aladdin’s surprise, the stone was raised without any trouble, and then he could see a small opening between three and four feet deep, at the bottom of which was a little door, with steps to go down still lower. “You must now,” said the magician, “go down into this cavern, and when you have come to the bottom of the steps, you will see an open door which leads into three great halls. In each of these you will see, on both sides of you, four bronze vases as large as tubs, full of gold and silver, but you must not touch any of it.

“When you get to the first hall bind your robe round you. Then go to the second without stopping, and from thence in the same manner to the third. Above all, be very particular not to go near the walls nor even to touch them with your robe; for if any part of your dress should chance to touch them, your instant death will be the consequence. At the far end of the third there is a door which leads to a garden planted with beautiful trees, all of which are full of fruit. Go on straight forward, and follow a path which you will see, and which will bring you to the bottom of a flight of fifty steps, at the top of which there is a terrace.

“There you will see a niche, and in it a lighted lamp. Take the lamp and extinguish it. Then throw out the wick and the liquid that is within,

and put it in your bosom. If you should wish very much to gather any of the fruit in the garden, you may do so; and there is nothing to prevent your taking as much as you please."

ALADDIN FINDS THE WONDERFUL LAMP

When the magician had given these directions to Aladdin, he took off a ring which he had on one of his fingers, and put it on his pretended nephew, telling him, at the same time, that it was to secure him against every evil that might otherwise happen to him. "Go, my child," added he; "descend boldly; we shall now both of us become immensely rich for the rest of our lives."

Aladdin gave a spring, jumped into the opening, with a willing mind, and went down to the bottom of the steps. He found the three halls exactly as the magician had said. He passed through them with the greatest care, as if he was fearful he might be killed if he were careless. He went on to the garden, and mounted to the terrace without stopping. He took the lamp, as it stood lighted in the niche, threw out its contents, and put it into his bosom.

He then returned to the garden to look at the fruit, which he had seen as he passed along. The trees of this garden were all full of the most extraordinary fruit. Each tree bore fruits of a different color.

The white were pearls; the sparkling and transparent were diamonds; the deep red were rubies;

the paler, a particular sort of ruby called balas; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the violet, amethysts; those tinged with yellow, sapphires. All were of the largest size, and more perfect than were ever seen in the whole world. Aladdin was not yet of an age to know their value, and thought they were all only pieces of colored glass.

The variety, however, and brilliancy and extraordinary size of each sort, nevertheless tempted him to gather some of each; and he took so many of every color that he filled both his pockets, as well as his two new purses that the magician had bought for him at the time he made him a present of his new dress; and as his pockets, which were already full, could not hold his two purses, he fastened them on each side of his girdle, or sash, and also wrapped some in its folds, as it was of silk and made very full. In this manner he carried them so that they could not fall out. He did not forget to fill even his bosom quite full, between his robe and shirt.

Laden in this manner with the most immense treasure, though ignorant of its value, Aladdin made haste through the three halls, in order that he might not make the African magician wait too long. Having passed through them with the same caution as before, he began to ascend the steps he had come down, and reached the entrance of the cave, where the magician was impatiently waiting.

When Aladdin saw his uncle he called to him: "Help me up!" "You had better, my dear boy," replied the magician, "first give me the lamp, as

that will only hinder you." "It is not at all in my way," said Aladdin, "and I will give it you when I am out." The magician still persevered in wishing to get the lamp before he helped Aladdin out of the cave; but the latter had in fact so covered it with the fruit of the trees that he absolutely refused to give it. The African magician was in the greatest despair at the obstinate resistance the boy made, and fell into the most violent rage.

He then threw some perfume on the fire, and had hardly spoken two magic words, before the stone, which served to shut up the entrance to the cavern, returned of its own accord to the place, with all the earth over it, exactly in the same state as it was when the magician and Aladdin first arrived there.

When Aladdin found himself buried alive, he called aloud a thousand times to his uncle, telling him he was ready to give him the lamp. But all his cries were useless, and, having no other means of making himself heard, he remained in perfect darkness.

Finally he went down to the bottom of the stairs, intending to go toward the light in the garden, where he had before been. But the walls, which had been opened by enchantment, were now shut by the same means. He felt all around him several times, but could not discover the least opening. He then redoubled his cries and tears, and sat down upon the step of his dungeon, without the least hope ever again to see the light of day.

Aladdin remained two days in this state, without

either eating or drinking. On the third day, feeling his death was near, he lifted up his hands, and joining them, as in the act of prayer, he said in a loud tone of voice, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high Heavens." In this act of joining his hands, he happened, without thinking of it, to rub the ring which the magician had put upon his finger, and of the power of which he knew nothing.

Upon its being thus rubbed, a Genius of enormous figure, and horrid countenance, instantly rose out of the earth before him. He was so extremely tall that his head touched the roof, and he addressed these words to Aladdin: "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave; as the slave of him who has the ring on his finger, both I and the other slaves of the ring." Weak and terrified, and scarcely daring to hope, Aladdin cried, "Whoever you are, take me, if you are able, out of this place!" Scarcely had he said it, when he found himself on the outside of the cave, at the very spot where the magician had left him. Scarcely daring to believe his good fortune, he rose up trembling, and seeing the city lying at some distance, made his way back by the same road over which he had come. A long weary road he found it to his mother's door, and when he reached it he was fainting from hunger and fatigue.

His mother, however, whose heart had been almost broken by the loss of him, received him kindly and joyfully, and refreshed him with food.

When he was better again he told his mother all, and showed her the lamp and the colored fruits and the wonderful ring on his finger. His mother, however, thought little of the jewels, as she was quite ignorant of their value, so Aladdin put them all behind one of the cushions of the sofa on which they were sitting.

Next morning, when Aladdin awoke, his first thought was that he was very hungry, and would like some breakfast. "Alas, my child," replied his mother, "I have not a morsel of bread to give you. You ate last night all the food in the house. However, I have a little cotton of my own spinning. I will go and sell it, and buy something for our dinner."

"Keep your cotton, mother," said Aladdin, "for another time, and give me the lamp which I brought with me yesterday. I will go and sell that, and the money will serve us for breakfast and dinner too, nay, perhaps also for supper."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp from the place she had put it. "Here it is," she said to her son; "but it is, I think, very dirty; if I were to clean it a little, perhaps it might sell for something more." She then took some water and a little fine sand to clean it with. But she had scarcely begun to rub this lamp, when instantly a hideous and gigantic Genius rose out of the ground before her, and cried with a voice as loud as thunder, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands, both I and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother was much terrified; but Aladdin, who had seen the Genius in the cavern, did not lose his presence of mind. Seizing the lamp, he answered in a firm tone of voice, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat." The Genius disappeared, and returned a moment after with a large silver basin, which he carried on his head, and twelve covered dishes of the same material, filled with the nicest meats, properly arranged, and six loaves as white as snow upon as many plates, and two silver cups in his hand. He placed them all upon the table, and instantly vanished.

When Aladdin's mother had recovered from her fright, they both sat down to their meal, in the greatest delight imaginable, for never before had they eaten such delicate meats or seen such splendid dishes.

The remains of this feast provided them with food for some days, and when it was all gone Aladdin sold the silver dishes one by one for their support. In this way they lived happily for some years, for Aladdin had been sobered by his adventure, and now behaved with the greatest wisdom and prudence. He took care to visit the principal shops and public places, speaking only with wise and prudent persons; and in this way he gathered much wisdom, and grew to be a courteous and handsome youth, besides.

ALADDIN WEDS THE PRINCESS

One day Aladdin told his mother that he intended to ask the Sultan to give him his daughter in marriage.

"Truly, my son," said his mother, "you seem to have forgotten that your father was but a poor tailor; and indeed, I do not know who will dare to go and speak to the Sultan about it." "You yourself must," said he, decidedly. "I!" cried his mother, in the greatest surprise; "I go to the Sultan! Not I, indeed; I will take care how I am joined to such folly. You know very well that no one can make any demand of the Sultan without bringing a rich present, and where shall such poor folk as we find such a one?"

Thereupon Aladdin told his mother that while talking with the merchants in the bazaar he had learned to know the value of their gems, and for a long time he had known that nothing which they had in their shops was half so fine as those jewels he had brought home from the enchanted cave. So his mother took them from the drawer where they had lain hid, and put them in a dish of fine porcelain.

Aladdin's mother, now sure that her son's gift was one that could not fail to please the Sultan, at last agreed to do everything as her son wished. She took the porcelain dish, in which the present of jewels was, and folded it up in a very fine linen cloth. She then took another less fine, and tied the four corners of it together, that she might carry it with less trouble. She afterwards set out, to the great joy of Aladdin, and took the road toward the palace of the Sultan.

Trembling, she told the Sultan of her son's bold-

ness, and begged his mercy for Aladdin and for herself. The Sultan heard her kindly, then before giving any answer to her request, he asked her what she had with her so carefully tied up in a linen cloth. Aladdin's mother unfolded the cloths, and humbly laid the jewels before him.

It is impossible to express the surprise which this monarch felt when he saw before him such a quantity of the most precious, perfect, and brilliant jewels, the size of which was greater than any he had before seen. For some moments he gazed at them, speechless. When, however, he began to recollect himself, he took the present from the hand of Aladdin's mother, and exclaimed, in a transport of joy, "Ah! how very beautiful, how extremely rich!"

Then turning to his grand vizier, he showed him the gems and talked privately to him for some minutes. Then to Aladdin's mother he said: "My good woman, I will indeed make your son happy by marrying him to the Princess my daughter, as soon as he shall send me forty large basins of massive gold, quite full of the same sort of things which you have already presented me with from him, brought by an equal number of black slaves, each of whom shall be led by a white slave, young, well-made, handsome, and richly dressed. These are the conditions upon which I am ready to bestow upon him the Princess, my daughter. Go, my good woman, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Full of disappointment, Aladdin's mother made

her way home, and told her son the news of the Sultan's strange wish. But Aladdin only smiled, and when his mother had gone out, he took the lamp and rubbed it, when the Genius instantly appeared and Aladdin commanded him to lose no time in bringing the present which the Sultan had wished for. The Genius only said that his commands should be at once obeyed, and then disappeared.

In a very short time the Genius returned with forty black slaves, each carrying upon his head a large golden basin of great weight, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, quite as fine as the others. Each basin was covered with a cloth of silver, embroidered with flowers of gold. All these slaves with their golden basins, together with the white ones, entirely filled the house, which was but small, as well as the court in front and a garden behind it.

Aladdin's mother now came back and almost fainted when she saw this great crowd and all its magnificence, but Aladdin desired her at once to follow the procession of slaves to the palace, and present to the Sultan the dowry of the Princess.

The astonishment of the Sultan at the sight of all these riches and splendor is hardly to be imagined. After gazing upon the slaves with their shining heaps of jewels, he said to Aladdin's mother, "Go, my good woman, and tell your son that I am waiting with open arms to embrace him!"

Aladdin was so delighted with this news that he

could hardly answer his mother, and, hastening to his chamber, he shut the door, and, having summoned the Genius, he was dressed in garments that shone like the sun. The Genius brought him, moreover, a splendid charger and twenty slaves to march on either side of him on the way to the Sultan's palace, all holding purses of gold to scatter among the people.

If there had been a crowd before, there was ten times as great a one now to watch Aladdin as he rode to the Sultan's palace, and to pick up the gold pieces which were showered by his slaves as he went. The Sultan came down from his throne to greet him, and all was feasting and joy in the palace.

After the feast the judge drew up a contract of marriage between Aladdin and the Princess Badroulbadour. When this was done, the Sultan asked Aladdin if he wished to remain in the palace and complete all the ceremonies that day. "Sire," he replied, "however impatient I may be to have entire possession of all your majesty's bounties, I beg you to permit me to wait until I shall have built a palace to receive the Princess in, that shall be worthy of her; and for this purpose, I request that you will have the goodness to point out a suitable place for it near your own, that I may always be ready to pay my court to your majesty. I will then neglect nothing to get it finished with all possible diligence."

"My son," answered the Sultan, "take the open space before my palace; I have thought lately about

filling it up; but remember that, to have my happiness complete, I cannot see you united too soon to my daughter." Having said this, he again embraced Aladdin, who now took leave of the Sultan in as polished a manner as if he had been brought up and spent all his life at Court.

As soon as Aladdin reached home, he again summoned the Genius and commanded him to build instantly the most gorgeous palace ever seen, on the spot of ground given by the Sultan. Early the next morning the Genius appeared: "Sir," said he, "your palace is finished; see if it is as you wish."

Words cannot paint the astonishment of the Sultan and all his household at seeing this gorgeous palace shining in the place which they had been used to see empty and bare. The Princess was rejoiced at the sight, and her marriage with Aladdin was held the same day, and their happiness was the greatest possible.

ALADDIN LOSES AND REGAINS THE LAMP

For some months they lived thus, Aladdin showing great kindness to the poor of the city, and pleasing all by his generosity.

About this time his old enemy, the African magician, found out by some of his magic arts that Aladdin was enormously rich and much beloved and respected, instead of being, as he had supposed, dead in the enchanted cave. He was filled with rage, and, vowing to destroy Aladdin, he immediately set out for China. On arriving there he went

to one of the principal khans and there began talking about Aladdin and the wonders of his palace. In this way he learned that Aladdin had gone hunting, and was not expected home for three or four days.

The magician bought a dozen of shining new lamps, put them in a basket, and then set out for Aladdin's palace. As he came near it he cried out, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?"

When he came under the Princess's windows, all the slaves attending on her ran laughing to look into the street. "Oh!" said one of the slaves, "come, let us try if the old fool means what he says; there is an ugly old lamp lying in the cornice of the hall with twenty-four windows; we will put a new one in its place, if the old fellow is really in earnest." The Princess having given leave, away ran one of the slaves with the lamp to the magician, who willingly gave her the best he had among his new ones.

As soon as night arrived he summoned the Genius of the lamp and commanded him to transport him, the palace, and the Princess to the remotest corner of Africa. The order was instantly obeyed.

The confusion and grief of the Sultan were terrible when he found the palace vanished and his daughter lost. The people ran in fear through the streets, and the soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin, who had not yet returned from hunting.

Aladdin was soon met with and dragged before the Sultan like a criminal. He would have been

beheaded had not the Sultan been afraid to enrage the people, by whom he was much loved. "Go, wretch!" cried the Sultan; "I grant thee thy life; but if ever thou appearest before me again death shall overtake thee, unless in forty days thou bringest me tidings of my daughter."

Aladdin, wretched and downfallen, left the palace, not knowing whither to turn his steps. At length he stopped at a brook to bathe his eyes, that smarted with the tears he had shed. As he stooped his foot slipped, and, catching hold of a piece of rock to save himself from falling, he pressed the magician's ring, which he still wore on his finger, and the Genius of the ring appeared before him, saying, "What wouldst thou have?" "Oh, Genius," cried Aladdin, "Bring my palace back to the place where yesterday it stood!"

"What you command," replied the Genius, "is not in my power; you must address yourself to the Genius of the lamp for that service."

"Then I command thee," said Aladdin, "to transport me to the place where now it stands." Instantly Aladdin found himself beside his own palace, which stood in a meadow not far from a strange city; and the Princess Badroulbadour was then walking in her own chamber, weeping for his loss. Happening to come near to the window, she saw Aladdin under it, and making a sign to him to keep silence, she sent a slave to bring him in by a private door. The Princess and her husband having kissed each other, and shed many tears, Aladdin said,

“Tell me, my Princess, what has become of an old lamp which I left on the cornice of the hall of four-and-twenty windows?”

The Princess then told how her slave had exchanged it for a new one, and said that the tyrant in whose power she was, always carried that very lamp in his bosom. Aladdin was then sure that this person was no other than his old enemy, the African magician.

After talking a long while, they hit upon a plan for getting back the lamp. Aladdin went into the city in the disguise of a slave, where he bought a powder, and then the Princess invited the magician to sup with her. As she had never been so polite to him before, he was quite delighted with her kindness; and while they were at table, she ordered a slave to bring two cups of wine one of which she had prepared by mixing in the powder, and after pretending to taste the one she held in her hand, she asked the magician to change cups, as was the custom in China. He joyfully seized the goblet, and drinking it all at a draught, fell senseless on the floor.

Aladdin was at hand to snatch the lamp from his bosom and hastily rubbing it, he summoned the Genius, who instantly transported the palace and all it contained back to the place whence they had come.

Some hours after, the Sultan who had risen at break of day to give way to his grief, went to the window to look at the spot which he expected to see

empty and vacant, and then to his unspeakable joy, he saw Aladdin's palace shining in its place. He summoned his guards and hastened to embrace his daughter; and during a whole week nothing was to be heard but the sound of drums, trumpets, cymbals, and all kinds of music and feasting in honor of Aladdin's return with the Princess.

Some time after this, the Sultan died, and Aladdin and the Princess Badroulbadour ascended the throne. They reigned together many years and left many noble sons and daughters at their death.

—*From The Arabian Nights.*

NOTES

1. Read any good collection of *Arabian Nights Tales*.
2. *Aladdin*. Pronounced à lăd' dîn.
3. *Mustapha*. Pronounced müs tăf' à.
4. *Balas ruby*. Pronounced băl'as. So called from Balashan, a place in Arabia where this choice ruby is found.
5. *Sultan*. The name given to the chief ruler, or sovereign, of a Mohammedan nation.
6. *Vizier*. A high executive officer, or prime minister, under a Mohammedan ruler.
7. *Princess Badroulbadour*. Pronounced băd rūl'bă door.
8. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: magician, prudence, artfully, Mustapha, bewilderment, bazaars, khans, mosques, terrace, niche, extraordinary, transparent, balas ruby, turquoises, amethysts, sapphires, obstinate resistance, violent rage, Genius, enormous, gigantic, imaginable, Sultan, transport, magnificence, dowry, enchanted, cornice, cymbals, draught.

EXERCISES

1. Tell something of the collection of tales in which this story is found.
2. Where is the scene of this story laid?
3. Point out passages showing just what kind of boy Aladdin was.
4. Why did the magician select such a boy to help him?
5. By what means did the magician induce Aladdin to serve him?
6. What was the magician's purpose in dressing Aladdin up so richly?
7. What *wonder* did the magician first show Aladdin?
8. How did the magician teach Aladdin to obey?
9. What directions did the magician now give Aladdin?
10. Just what was the real purpose of his sending Aladdin into the cave?
11. Why did the magician put the ring upon Aladdin's finger?
12. What was so wonderful about the fruit of the garden?
13. How did Aladdin regard it?
14. Why then did he attempt to carry so much?
15. Why did Aladdin refuse the request of the magician?
16. Why should Aladdin's refusal so thoroughly enrage the magician?
17. As a consequence what happened?
18. Tell just how Aladdin managed to escape from the dark cavern.
19. How did Aladdin discover the magic power of his wonderful lamp?
20. What use did Aladdin make of his new-found wealth?
21. What change took place in his character?
22. How did he learn the value of the fruit from the enchanted garden?
23. What use did he make of the fruit?
24. Upon what conditions was the king willing to give Aladdin the hand of the Princess?
25. How did such a demand affect the mother of Aladdin?
26. How did Aladdin meet the demand?
27. Why was the king so anxious to have Aladdin united to his daughter?
28. What new evidence of Aladdin's good fortune appeared?
29. How did the old magician get his revenge?
30. How did the revenge affect the fortunes of Aladdin?
31. By what means did Aladdin regain the lost lamp?
32. How was the return of the Princess and palace celebrated?
33. What were the later fortunes of Aladdin?
34. What kind of Aladdin's lamps do young people have to-day? Explain.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Arabian Nights Entertainments.

HANS ANDERSEN: Fairy Tales.

GRIMM BROTHERS: Household Stories.

POE: Prose Tales.

DEFOE: Robinson Crusoe.

SWIFT: Gulliver's Travels.

BULFINCH: Age of Fable—Eastern and Northern Mythology.

WORDSWORTH: The Wishing-Gate.

LONGFELLOW: Tales of a Wayside Inn.

CHAUCER: Canterbury Tales.

IRVING: Sketch Book.

DO SOMETHING

Do something for somebody, somewhere
While jogging along life's road;
Help someone to carry his burden,
And lighter will grow your load.
Do something for somebody gladly,
'Twill sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others,
Your own are less hard to bear.
Do something for somebody, striving
To help where the way seems long;
And the homeless hearts that languish
Cheer up with a little song.
Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed —
There's nothing on earth can help you
So much as a kindly deed.

— *J. S. Cutler.*

SANTA FILOMENA

THIS poem is Longfellow's beautiful tribute to the life and service of Florence Nightingale. It was she who organized a complete field hospital system to care for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Crimean War. Before the war broke out, she had studied the hospital systems of Europe, had taken a course in nursing with the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul in Paris, and another course with the Protestant Sisters at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine. Within a week's time she organized a band of trained nurses, and set out on her mission of mercy. Through those war hospitals filled with the sick and dying she went, with here and there a sympathetic smile, or a kind word, or a song of cheer. Many a pain-wracked soldier kissed her shadow as she passed, or uttered a prayer of thanksgiving for the healing presence of the "cheering angel" or the "Lady of the Lamp," as they lovingly called her.

Longfellow, desiring to pay her a tribute worthy of her matchless service, referred to her as "Santa Filomena" (Sān' ta Fi' lō mē' na), the Saint of healing, taking his clue from Mrs. Jameson's description of the Saint as follows:

“At Pisa, the Church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabtelli, representing the Saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession.”

SANTA FILOMENA

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
 The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In the dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore,
Saint Filomena bore.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

NOTES

1. The picture of Santa Filomena is described by Mrs. Jameson in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, II, 298.
2. Look up carefully the complete story of the life of Florence Nightingale.
(She was born in Florence, Italy, in 1820, and died in England in 1910. Her preference for a simple burial service and for a retired grave, as expressed in her will, prevented her remains from being honored with burial in Westminster Abbey, the burial place of notables and kings.)
3. Look up also something of the life of Clara Barton and her work in organizing "*The Red Cross.*"
4. *Filomena.* The word means *nightingale*, and is taken from the name of a Greek heroine, *Philomela*, whom the gods transformed into a nightingale. *Lily*, *palm*, and *spear*. Symbols of peace, victory and war.
5. Look up carefully the following words and expressions: *wrought*, *tidal wave*, *unawares*, *trenches*, *cheerless corridors*, *glimmering gloom*, *annals*, *portals*, *symbols*.

EXERCISES

1. Tell something of the life of Florence Nightingale.
2. What was Longfellow's purpose in writing this poem?
3. Why did he refer to Florence Nightingale as *Santa Filomena*?
4. Explain the meaning of the first stanza?
5. How are we lifted "unawares" "out of all meaner cares"?
6. In what way had Florence Nightingale helped the race in its daily needs?
7. What was her special work?
8. What was the "house of misery"?
9. Why was she called "the Lady of the Lamp"?

10. What is shown of her in "The speechless sufferer turns to kiss her shadow"?
11. Why was her coming and going likened to the opening and closing of a door of heaven?
12. Explain "That light its rays shall cast from portals of the past."
13. In what sense did Florence Nightingale resemble Santa Filomena?
14. Explain fully the meaning of the last stanza.
15. What lessons in service did Florence Nightingale's life teach?
16. What seems to you to be the finest tribute paid her in this poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

FOSSE: The House by the Side of the Road.

LONGFELLOW: The Legend Beautiful.

WHITTIER: The Brother of Mercy.

LOWELL: The Vision of Sir Launfal.

TENNYSON: The Holy Grail.

STEVENSON: The House Beautiful.

VAN DYKE: The Mansion.

BROOKS: The Beauty of a Life of Service.

WORDSWORTH: The Wishing-Gate.

Matthew XXV. 34-46: Story of the Good Samaritan

ANDREWS: The Perfect Tribute.

DRUMMOND: The Greatest Thing in the World.

THE COUNTRY'S CALL

Give me men to match my mountains;

 Men, to match my inland plains;

Men with empires in their purpose;

 Men with eras in their brains.

Give me men to match my prairies:

 Men, to match my inland seas —

Men whose thoughts shall pave a pathway

 Up to ampler destinies.

— *Thompson.*

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

ONE of the most fascinating traditions in Scottish life has been handed down from generation to generation among all the families of the name of Bruce. Whatever else may be said, the story is certainly typical of what actually happened to Robert Bruce in his campaign to save his people from the rule of England.

The cruel wars in Scotland arose out of the debate between the great lords who claimed the throne after the death of King Alexander the Third. These wars were cruel and decided nothing. The Scottish nobility determined to allow King Edward of England to decide who should be king of Scotland. Scotland at this time was virtually under English rule, and there were only two principal candidates for the throne. The first was Robert Bruce and the other was John Comyn, both powerful leaders. These two great and powerful leaders had earlier taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England, but fearful of losing their great estates, and thinking that the freedom of Scotland could not be recovered, both Bruce

and Comyn submitted themselves to King Edward and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland. Moreover, they entered the field in behalf of the king.

On one occasion, after Robert Bruce had assisted the English to gain a victory against the rebellious Scots, he sat down to dinner among the English lords without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed. "The English lords observing this whispered to each other in mockery, 'Look at that Scotsman, he is eating his own blood.' Bruce heard what they said and began to think that after all the blood upon his hands might be called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting his oppressors who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct." He thereupon arose from the table, went to the neighboring chapel, asked pardon for his sins, and made a solemn vow he would do all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Later he assumed leadership against England and met defeat after defeat. Just at the point when he was hesitating whether to leave his country and go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, or to remain to fight for Scotland as long as there was any hope, the following

incident described by Scott took place, and has been made the basis of the poem that follows.

“While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. ‘Now,’ thought Bruce, ‘as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more.’

“While Bruce was forming this resolution the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its

thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat."

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried, and tried, but couldn't succeed;
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropp'd
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the King in the midst of his thinking stopp'd
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine;
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with a strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed
To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady — again it went,
And travelled a half-yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
A road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Six brave attempts were counted.

“Sure,” cried the King, “that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and cling
And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more,
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say will he lose or win it!

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

“Bravo, bravo!” the King cried out,
“All honour to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why shouldn’t I?”

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

— *Eliza Cook.*

NOTES

1. In any good history of England look up the story of King Bruce of Scotland.
2. Find from any Scottish people in your neighborhood the traditions concerning King Bruce.
3. Find other incidents in which some little thing changed the course of great men or of empires.
4. Be prepared to give the meaning of the following words and expressions as here used: flung, lonely mood, monarch, low despair, pondered, silken cobweb clue, ceiling dome, divine, slippery sprawl, delicate thread, anxious minute, very last pinch, native cot, braced his mind, gossips.

EXERCISES

1. Give in your own words the incident upon which this poem is based.
2. Tell something of the times in which Bruce lived.
3. Why was the heart of King Bruce “beginning to sink”?
4. What was the great deed he was trying to do?
5. Why should he decide to “give it up”?
6. Why should a king pause in his thinking to see what a spider would do?
7. How many fruitless attempts did the spider make?
8. What effect had the spider’s failures on the king?
9. In what sense had the spider defied despair?

10. Why was the king so enthusiastic over the final triumph of the spider?
11. What caused Bruce now to feel that he would succeed?
12. Explain "braced his mind."
13. What connection do you trace between "braced his mind" and his success?
14. What do you think is the deeper meaning of this poem as applied to human life?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BROWNING: *Hervé Riel, Prospice.*
STANLEY, BESSIE A: *True Success.*
PIATT: *The Gift of Empty Hands.*
LONGFELLOW: *Paul Revere's Ride.*
HUBBARD: *A Message to Garcia.*
HIGGINSON: *Four-Leaf Clover.*
HEMANS: *Casabianca.*
FINCH: *Nathan Hale.*

SONG

For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

—*Thomas Love Peacock.*

WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CONDUCT

MANY people make New Year's resolutions, or fine themselves if they use slang, but few agree with themselves upon definite rules of conduct. George Washington was so methodical and systematic in all that he did that one wonders sometimes how he could be so. The secret of his manly conduct may be found in the following set of rules which he wrote out for himself when he was but a young man, and which he attempted to make the guide of his life. When we understand something of the greatness of Washington, it is certainly a matter of interest to discover the rules by which he guided his life. The following rules should be studied by every school boy and school girl, with the idea of discovering the extent to which they will guide one to succeed in life.

WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CONDUCT

1. Reproach none for the infirmities of nature, nor delight to put them that have in mind thereof.
2. Do not express joy before one sick or in pain; for that contrary passion will aggravate his misery.
3. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

4. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

5. Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.

6. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

7. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

8. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

9. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

10. Run not in the streets; neither go too slowly, nor with mouth open. Go not shaking your arms, stamping or shuffling; nor pull up your stocking in the street. Walk not upon the toes, nor in a dancing or skipping manner, nor yet with measured steps. Strike not the heels together, nor stoop when there is no occasion.

11. Eat not in the streets, nor in the house out of season.

12. While you are talking, point not with your finger at him of whom you discourse, nor approach too near him to whom you talk, especially to his face.

13. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

14. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

15. Drink not, nor talk with your mouth full; neither gaze about you while drinking.

16. Use no reproachable language against any one; neither curse nor revile.

17. If you cough, sneeze, sigh, or yawn, do it not loud, but privately: and speak not in your yawning, but put your handkerchief, or hand, before your face, and turn aside.

18. When you sit down, keep your feet firm and even, without putting one on the other, or crossing them.

19. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly, with respect to times and places.

20. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings fit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

21. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things as death and wounds, and if others mention them change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

22. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

23. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

24. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

25. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

26. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

27. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.

28. Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

29. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

— *George Washington.*

NOTES

1. Read any good life of Washington.
2. Find from your school histories what kind of man Washington was.
3. Read "Franklin's Rules of Conduct" given in his autobiography and compare them with Washington's rules.

4. Be prepared to pronounce and give meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: infirmities, aggravate, jog, countenance, grave, shuffling, measured steps, discourse, due title, degree, admonitions, culpable, reproachable, revile, apparel, doleful, melancholy, courteous, pensive, blemishes, discover.

EXERCISES

1. What is shown of George Washington in that he prepared such careful rules for his own guidance?
2. Discuss fully your own opinion of rule 2.
3. What do you think he had in mind in writing the first part of rule 5?
4. From what you know of the history of George Washington, to what extent did he work out rule 9?
5. Why did Washington pay attention to so many of the little things in conduct?
6. Explain "play not the peacock" in rule 20.
7. Why should he give the last part of rule 21?
8. Discuss briefly the value of rule 24.
9. Explain in rule 28, "A secret discover not."
10. Make a list of what you regard as the ten best rules of conduct in this list.
11. Give a brief summary of Washington's ideals of conduct as shown in these rules.
12. Upon the basis of your study and discussion of these rules, write ten rules of conduct which you think would guide a young man or a young woman to be a success in life.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Thomas Jefferson's Ten Rules.

FRANKLIN: Autobiography.

MATTHEW: The Sermon on the Mount.

The Ten Commandments.

EMERSON: Essays of Friendship and Conduct.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care:
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;

Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire:
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,

Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:—
This is the happy warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.

— *William Wordsworth.*

